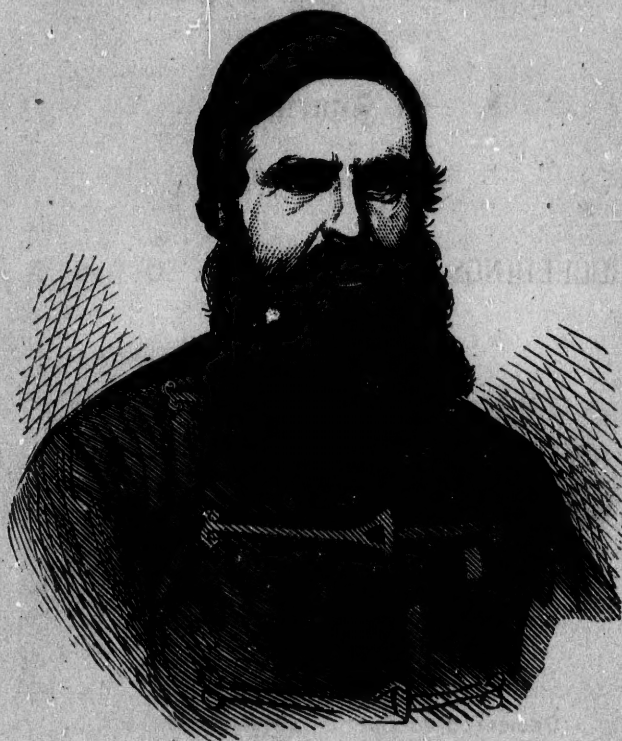




Be truthful and kind, and be not deceived,
From this busy life death will you relieve ;
Be thoughtful, act wisely, do your duty to God,
For at the great day of judgment you will need a true Log.

MY LOG.

A Journal

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.

BY

WILLIAM HAYNES,

Bandsman of H.M.S. Phæbe.

DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN BYTHESEA, V.C., R.N.

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PREFACE.

FROM the kindness and good-will I have experienced from the Officers and Men of the Flying Squadron, it will be unnecessary for me to say why I appear before them in print. I am sure they are anxiously looking forward to the publication of "My Log." Some explanation, however, is due to the general public. All persons accustomed to a seafaring life are wont to keep a daily journal of the latitudes and longitudes of their position, together with any other little circumstance that may be deemed worthy of notice. All Officers in Her Majesty's Navy, down to the youngest Naval Cadet, are obliged by the rules of the service to keep a Log, or an exact account of the ship's working, with all its intricacies. They are obliged to submit them for the inspection of their superior officers. The exactitude with which they work their reckonings will be of great advantage to them in their future examinations. Such Logs are not intended for public perusal; they would have but little interest in them, no matter how deeply important they may have been to the writer.

Some one may be inclined to ask why I have published *my Log*. I will endeavour to meet the question by giving a plain and truthful answer. As one of the Band of Her Majesty's ship *Phoebe*, I had necessarily some little time at my own disposal. Like many others of the ship's company, I occupied myself in noting down in writing the principal passing events. After a little reflection, the happy thought struck my mind of giving my shipmates, and the men of the other ships of the Flying Squadron, the benefit of my labours. I was also convinced that the publication of my Log would be pleasing to them and the public at large.

All-absorbing interest was manifested by the people of England in the sending from her shores the Flying Squadron on its peaceful mission of sailing round the world. In the sublime and novel idea of my Lords of the Admiralty in sending six of her Majesty's ships-of-war for the purpose of visiting her distant possessions, relieving those ships on those stations whose period of commission had expired, and supplying the places of those vessels relieved by one of the number from the Flying Squadron—the ships relieved taking the others' place in the squadron, an opportunity was offered to the Colonists and their children of beholding a glimpse of the might and power of the Navy of their mother country. Another grand object was offered during this peaceful journey from the constant daily drills and naval tactics practised together, with routine strictly carried out,—both officers and men learnt more of their duties as sailors than they would have learnt for years in the service at home or on foreign service; so much so that both officers and

stations

men of the Flying Squadron stand A 1 in their profession. The eyes of the world were fixed on our movements. I was fully convinced of this by the right hearty welcome and enthusiasm with which the Flying Squadron was received at the different places we called at.

On our arrival at Melbourne I was induced to publish *my Log*, written up to that date. That it was acceptable to the good people of Australia was manifest by the thousands of copies purchased by them, and the people of New Zealand. So pleasing was my Log to them, that numerous copies were sent by them to their friends in all parts of the world; and I am under engagements to supply them with many hundreds of copies at the different places on its completion: I hope it will be as pleasing and acceptable to them as on its first appearance, with only a short account of our journey from England to Melbourne. The most interesting part of our voyage was not then performed. The various incidents which occurred have been truthfully narrated. I have stated nothing that cannot be guaranteed by my superiors. From time to time I received every information from the officers and men of the fleet, to bring out a true and interesting account of what occurred amongst them.

From the great interest manifested by the men of the fleet, I have been very particular as to dates and circumstances; and it will serve hereafter as a handbook, and be the means of settling many an argument which may arise hereafter among the brave men comprising the different crews of the Flying Squadron. Let them only have recourse to "My Log," and all disputes will soon be at an end. If I should be so

fortunate as to accomplish this great end, I shall not consider my labours to be in vain.

I have chosen the agreeable form of putting my ideas together in verse. I know that a Poet, as Horace says, is *nascitur non fit*; that is, born, not made. I do not lay any claim to the character of a poet. I know that the measure and number of my rhymes are not such as a Longfellow, a Byron, or a Moore would have written. So the critic who may censure, and those who may smile at my poetic effusions, I would respectfully beg leave to remind that I do not lay claim to any inspiration of the muses: the lower-deck of a man-of-war is a poor Parnassus, and her bustle and confusion a worse Helicon. There are, I am free to confess, a hundred faults in its composition; and a hundred things could be said in proof of the many beauties and gems it contains.

This is my first literary attempt, and the first of its kind ever produced. Others more competent will follow hereafter in the footsteps I have traced for them, and may acquire great fame. For my part I have accomplished the task I had set before me. If it meet with the approbation of my readers I shall be satisfied, and consider the task I have undertaken not without its effect.





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THE CRUISE OF THE "PHEBE" PREVIOUS TO JOINING THE SQUADRON.

LEFT	Date. 1867.	ARRIVED AT	Date. 1867.	Distance Run. Miles.	
England	September 7	Halifax, N. S.	September 29	3179	First Cruise.
Halifax	October 13	Bermuda	October 17	803	
Bermuda	November 2	Jamaica	November 11	1447	
	1868.		1868.		
Jamaica	January 25	Santa Marta	January 28	2447	First Cruise.
Santa Marta	January 31	Savanello	January 31		
Savanello	February 3	Carthagea	February 4		
Carthagea	February 8	Colon	February 9	1317	Second Cruise.
Colon	February 12	Grey Town	February 16		
Grey Town	February 17	Bluefields	February 17		
Bluefields	February 19	Jamaica	February 29	4773	Third Cruise.
Jamaica	April 27	Carlisle Bay	April 27		
Carlisle Bay	April 30	Grand Cayman	May 1		
Grand Cayman	May 4	Montego Bay	May 9	1317	Second Cruise.
Montego Bay	May 12	Santiago	May 13		
Santiago	May 17	Port au Prince	May 18		
Port au Prince	May 21	Jamaica	May 23	4773	Third Cruise.
Jamaica	May 30	Port au Prince	June 1		
Port au Prince	June 3	St. Domingo	June 13		
St. Domingo	June 14	Curacao	June 17	4773	Third Cruise.
Curacao	June 17	Carthagea	June 19		
Carthagea	June 22	Colon	June 25		
Colon	July 1	Grey Town	July 3	4773	Third Cruise.
Grey Town	July 3	Corn Island	July 4		
Corn Island	July 6	Truxillo	July 10		
Truxillo	July 13	Anoa	July 14	4773	Third Cruise.
Anoa	July 17	Belize	July 18		
Belize	July 22	Jamaica	August 2		

THE CRUISE OF THE "PHEBE" PREVIOUS TO JOINING THE SQUADRON—continued.

LEFT	Date. 1868.	ARRIVED AT	Date. 1868.	Distance Run. Miles.	
Jamaica	August 12	Barbadoes	August 27	1826	
Barbadoes	September 11	Trinidad	September 13		
Trinidad	September 22	Barbadoes	September 25		
Barbadoes	September 26	La Guayra	September 30	1539	
La Guayra	October 4	Grenada	October 7		
Grenada	October 10	St. Vincent	October 12		
St. Vincent	October 15	Barbadoes	October 17		
Barbadoes	November 5	Antigua	November 7		
Antigua	November 12	Barbadoes	November 18	983	
Barbadoes	November 24	Trinidad	December 25		
Trinidad	December 26	Barbadoes	December 29	710	
	1869.		1869.		
Barbadoes	February 13	Barbadoes	February 18	491	
Barbadoes	February 22	Martinique	February 23		
Martinique	March 3	Grenada	March 3	468	
Grenada	March 3	Barbadoes	March 5		
Barbadoes	March 27	Bermuda	April 6	1354	
Bermuda	April 22	Halifax, N. S.	April 27	890	
Halifax	June 7	Bahia	July 23	5290	

In addition to the above H. M. S. *Phoebe* cruised in the Channel, previous to sailing for Halifax, 1981 miles. Making a total of 24,208 miles run previous to joining the Squadron.

EXTRACT FROM APPENDIX TO MY LOG,
SHOWING THE DATES OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE, NUMBER OF MILES RUN, ETC.

In addition to the above H. M. S. *Phaete* cruised in the Channel, previous to sailing for Halifax, 198½ miles. Making a total of 24,208 miles run previous to joining the Squadron.

EXTRACT FROM APPENDIX TO MY LOG, SHOWING THE DATES OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE, NUMBER OF MILES RUN, ETC.

LEFT	Date. 1860.	ARRIVED AT	Date. 1860.	Distance run.	Time taken.	Time allowed.	Remained.	Time allowed to remain.
England	June 19	*Madeira	July 1	1455	12	42	1	...
Madeira	July 2	Bahia	August 2	3876	31	...	2	...
Bahia	August 4	Rio de Janeiro	August 16	1007	12	6	9	10
Rio de Janeiro	August 25	Monte Video	September 6	1397	12	7	5	7
Monte Video	September 12	Simon's Bay, C. of G. Hope	October 3	3956	22	24	13	10
Cape of Good Hope	October 16	Melbourne	November 20	6909	41	49	11	10
Melbourne	December 7	Sydney	December 12	586	5	5	14	14
Sydney	December 26	*Hobart Town	1870. January 2	956	7	...	8	...
Hobart Town	January 10	Lyttleton, New Zealand	January 19	1359	9	...	3	...
Lyttleton	January 22	Wellington	January 24	252	2	...	3	...
Wellington	January 27	*Auckland	February 2	785	6	...	7	...
Auckland	February 9	Yokohama, Japan	April 6	6977	56	43	8	10
Yokohama	February 14	*Yeddo	April 14	15	1	...	2	...
Yeddo	April 17	Yokohama	April 17	15	1	...	2	...
Yokohama	April 19	Vancouver's Island	May 15	4541	26	37	13	14
Vancouver's Island	May 28	Honolulu	June 16	2500	19	19	7	7
Honolulu	June 23	Valparaiso	August 14	7166	52	10	14	10
Valparaiso	August 28	*Bahia	October 6	6200	39	...	3	...
Bahia	October 9	England	November 15	5000	37	...	...	...

Total Miles run

53,022

Those places marked with an asterisk (*) were not included in the Official Route laid down for the Squadron. Tahiti was named, but omitted for political reasons in consequence of the disturbed state of the island. H. M. S. *Bristol* accompanied the Squadron to Bahia, where she was relieved by the *Phaete* from Halifax, N. S. H. M. S. *Barrat* accompanied the Squadron to Japan, where she was relieved by the *Phaete*. H. M. S. *Scylla* accompanied the Squadron to Vancouver's Island, and was relieved by the *Charybdis*, which ship accompanied the Squadron to Valparaiso, where she was relieved by the *Sentinel*, who returned home with the Squadron.

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MY LOG.

PART I.

IN the face of all nations, in the year sixty-nine,
We had spare ships at home and men we could find;
And Childers in office with resources and power
To send a flying squadron round the world for a tour.

These lines are intended arguments to decide ;
If you peruse them with care, you will find a good guide
To departures, arrivals, as we visit each place,
And things that occur, with this you can trace.

Sir J. Hay asked Childers in the House to point out
The use of his sending so large a fleet out ;
He gave him the number of ships, boys, and men,
Whose time had expired, could be brought home again.

Four frigates he selected, and two fine corvettes ;
Well fitted with stores, with men, and cadets ;
To leave friends and relations, and the land of our birth,
To meet with fresh hardships, where we might have had
mirth.

The Liverpool as flagship, Admiral Hornby, you know—
Requires God's assistance wherever we go.
J. O. Hopkins her captain, and guns thirty-five—
To attend to all signals, you must look alive.

The Bristol, thirty-one, Captain Wilson and cadets,
Will be relieved by the Phoebe when to Bahia she gets ;
The next is the Liffey, with thirty-five guns,
J. O. Johnson her captain, who has made some good
runs.

The Endymion, Captain Lacy, is a fine-looking frigate,
With guns twenty-one,—she is as right as a trivet ;
While the Phœbe, Captain Bythesea, with guns five-and-thirty,
Bears a name for being smart, and seldom looks dirty.

The next are corvettes,—the Scylla twenty-one,
Captain Herbert at ease can drive her along.
The Barrosa, Captain Gibson, and guns seventeen,
Steals along like a snake, when the sea it is green.

On the nineteenth of June, the fleet left the Sound
Of Plymouth, in hopes the cruise to go round :
But God, our protector, who rules every wave,
Will place a few messmates in a watery grave.

For seamen see dangers at sea and on land :
To go round this cruise, some think it is grand ;
But of sickness and hardships they give not a thought,
Nor of men that are drowned or killed from aloft.

We arrived at Madeira the first of July,
And in harbour next day till late did we lie,
To await the Barrosa, left repairs to make good,
As she arrived the same evening, the fleet outward stood.

Of light winds and fair weather we all had our share ;
Two hands we soon lost,—met death for their fare ;
Still our passage to Bahia we could not call seedy,—
On the second of August we picked up the Phœbe.

The Phœbe commissioned the second of May,
In the year sixty-seven, while in Plymouth she lay ;
We left the shores of old England on the 7th of September,
For North America, West Indies, we long shall remember.

Forty-six places we visited, it is true,
And moving about we had plenty to do ;
We ran clear of sickness, and seemed quite at home,
Till ordered to Bahia, with the fleet for to roam.

The fleet when at Bahia stopped for two days,
But our passage to Rio we had no cause to praise ;
Our fog-horns played music as rough as a hog,
As we lay near the harbour two days in a fog.

On the fourth of August we left Bahia for Rio,
Heavy weather we experienced, our fog-horns cried, O !
On the sixteenth of August at Rio went in,
And left the twenty-fifth, another trip to begin.

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As we came into harbour, met the fog from the hills,
And two men of war that belonged to Brazils;
They came out to meet us, and fired a salute,
And returned into harbour; the fleet followed suite.

We took up our moorings, coaled ship, and gave leave,
Had a grand ball on shore, soft bread and fresh beef—
A treat to all hands, as we lay for nine days;
For smartness and cleanliness the fleet had great praise.

At Rio, before leaving an inspection took place,
Round the decks of each ship the Emperor did pace;
We manned and armed boats, then formed up in line,
And a lasting remembrance this left on his mind.

When we left for Monte Video, got up steam and made sail,
And just for a change, we fell in for a gale,
And lost our first cutter, and one of our crew,
And for thirty rough hours we had enough then to do.

Our sails they were rent, and our davits gave way,
And the fleet separated till late the next day;
When five out of six took their place as before,
And the Scylla made her way into harbour once more.

We arrived at Monte Video September the sixth,
And escaped in this gale from losing our sticks;
Then left on the eleventh for the Cape of Good Hope;
We had no wind for a time, so the fleet had to mope.

But a breeze soon sprung up from north to north-west,
Prepared for rough weather, the fleet did their best.
It lasted two days, and our bell it kept tolling,
And the fleet took in water, as the sea kept them rolling.

At a scene between decks you would be surprised;
The truth is enough without telling you lies:
Mess, gear, and men's clothing, round the deck you'd see
float,

With pea-soup and mustard, you might fill a small boat.

Our pepper and salt, deck clothes, and wet boots,
Were rolling about, and men in wet suits,—
Some laughing and swearing, holding on by the guns,
When a lump of sea brings them all down by the run.

Our hammocks all day on their hooks were left swinging;
And to drive away care, some one would be singing;
If you think of your prayers, or things that are said,
A lump of fat pork is then thrown at your head.

A ship in a gale, I assure you, is no joke,
The decks are as slippery as a bar of brown soap ;
Ditty boxes, bath brick, large tubs, and soup ladles,
To keep on their legs some men are not able.

In the midst of confusion you are rolling about,
And hurt by a fall, they will laugh there's no doubt ;
And when the gale's over, they will speak with great glee,
Of the leave they will have, and a jolly good spree.

The twentieth of September, we lay in a calm—
An Admiral's inspection, which did us no harm ;
He gave a short notice, for which he has praise,
Then fell in with rough weather again in two days.

In heavy weather and strong winds, we have to contend,
To be free from such scenes would be a Godsend,
For most of our crockery came down like a shower,
As we ran before the wind at twelve knots an hour.

Our mizen-top-gallant mast we lost in this gale,
A job for our lambies to take off a sail ;
Twenty-eighth of September, I am glad to relate,
The wind it blew softer, all the way to the Cape.

But a man from the Liffey fell overboard in the gale,
Unseen by all hands, while they were trimming sail ;
He passed the Barrosa, had took his last breath.
And left the flying squadron with the angel of death.

Great credit is due both to officers and men
Of the Barrosa, for lowering their boat, it was then
They saw he was dead, and going with the waves ;
A signal from the Admiral for this gave them praise.

The thirtieth of September we made Simon's Bay,
The Liffey to Cape Town went on the same day ;
The day was delightful, more a calm than a breeze,
So we came into harbour almost at our ease.

The Barrosa's figure-head is a fine-looking creature,
And much like the Phœbe in bulk and in feature ;
She came near our bows, Miss Phœbe to ask
If she had lost her fine chignon since she visited her last.

But the pride of Miss Phœbe such friendship disdained,
To make for her anchorage was her duty and gain ;
But the Barrosa's fine boat had her dignity lowered,
As we smashed her to pieces and drove her in board.

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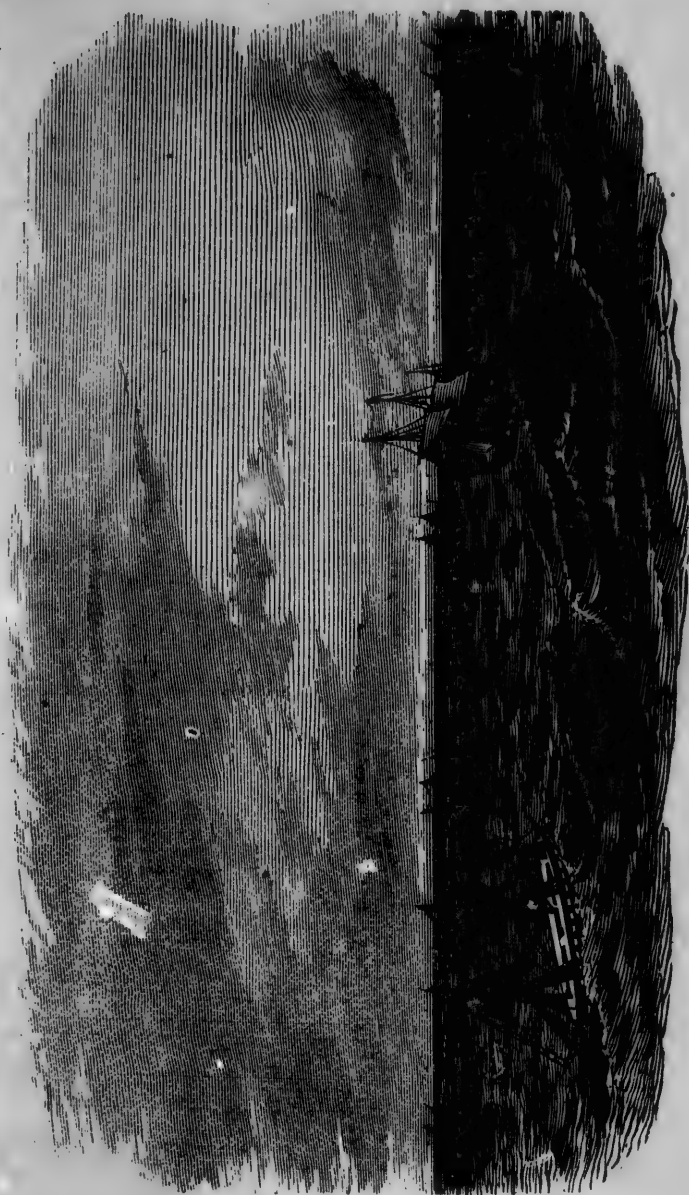
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Being Sunday, the people were out at their leisure;
To see us sail in to them was a pleasure;
Some thinking of gain and great speculation,
And news from the fleet of friends and relation.

We had a refit, coaled ship in great haste,
To give us our leave there was no time to waste;
So we left the fleet on the sixth, though late in the day,
And anchor'd next morning inside Table Bay.

They gave us our turn, a watch went on shore,
To return in three days to our duty once more;
We acted as guardship, had bread and fresh beef,
And took in all stragglers that were breaking their leave.

Our leave at Cape Town was pleasure and enjoyment,
Some climbed Table Mountain for pleasure and employ-
ment,

Some went through the gardens and museum at leisure,
And some took a glass with their friends just for pleasure.

But thirty thousand pounds the fleet spent or more,
Which will do the Cape good, for they say they are poor;
It will give them a start for some time there's no doubt,
They will trace us with pleasure on this flying route.

Saul Solomon's remarks in the paper of late,
On the army and navy, were wrong at the Cape;
He spoke of Abyssinia, the war with its fame,
For retrieving the character of the army again.

The flying squadron, he surmises, some day will bring out
A name for the navy, through this flying route;
But let him remember our name stands as high
As ever it did in days now gone by.

Only look at John Bull, he has no cause to fear;
His sons in the colonies are half volunteers,
Always ready for duty, before danger to stand
In the cause of Great Britain, their old Fatherland.

The army and navy with them are united,
To be at peace with the world we are always delighted;
Our name we've not lost nor lowered in the least,
Our reputation every year will be on the increase.

Thanks to Saul Solomon for giving us praise
For our good behaviour ashore for three days;
May he live long and prosper: in Cape Town we met
Civility and kindness we shall never forget.

The Liffey left Table Bay October the tenth,
To rejoin the squadron, to Simon's Bay we went;
The Phoebe left Cape Town the fifteenth of October,
To pick up the fleet, as the leave was quite over.

Next morning we sighted the fleet near the bay,
And took up our place with them the same day;
But a change in our station took place you will find,
As Captain J. O. Johnson was left sick behind.

He was senior Captain, and led the lee line,
In the rear of the same to us was assigned;
But now Captain Bythesea is senior of the fleet,
And leads the lee line through this mighty deep.

Captain Johnson's gone home, but the Liffey is not,
Captain Gibson, of the Barrosa, the Liffey has got.
Commander Hands, of the Endymion, the Barrosa no harm,
For Lieutenant Bosanquet the Endymion commands.

The leave of the fleet is over and past,
But to speak of experience I'll not be too fast;
What a change while on shore has worked in some men,
For we long to be back in Old England again.

Now all on our way Australia to see,
The wind it was fair, and all ships running free;
The twenty-first of October, the Liverpool was soon
Deprived of her foretop-gallant-sail boom.

The twenty-fourth of October, when preparing for church,
Our maintop-gallant-stay gave way with a lurch, [yard,
Carried away our maintop-gallant-mast and mizen royal
Also our mizentop-gallant-mast, but she took it not hard.

"Wear ship" was the order before all this took place,
When a feeling of surprise in all hands you could trace;
But soon we repaired all things as before, [bore.
Still it stopped our church service, which to some was no

Twenty-fifth of October, and nothing neglected, [spected,
Scrubbed hammocks, washed clothes, the Endymion in-
Which took up the day from morning till noon;
More praise for the Endymion, there was scare any room.

For nothing's unnoticed by the Admiral, you know,
He has got a quick eye and remarks to bestow,
And all that goes wrong or out of its place;
Success to the Endymion round this cruise in good haste.

Experience will teach us discipline is might,
It protects us in danger and demands what is right ;
And while we have officers of experience to command,
The navy and old England will meet with no harm.

The twenty-sixth of October, almost in a calm,
When Lady Barrosa the Phœbe alarmed,
While the fleet were at drill, the top-gallant-mast shifting,
We saw the Barrosa on the Phœbe was drifting.

She came so close to us that we lowered our ports,
Each ship of this line had to put out two boats
To tow her off clear—what an awkward position,—
Men stood with long spars to prevent a collision.

This might have proved serious had it been in the night,
Besides all the damage we might have lost life ;
So it's time these two ladies their distance increased,
To run foul of each other would be a breach of the peace.

The twenty-seventh becalmed, twenty-eighth had a breeze,
Eleven knots an hour we went at our ease ;
The foretopmast studding-sail of the Endymion blew away,
A fog and wet weather we had the next day.

The twenty-ninth of October, the fog all this night
So thick did appear, we had to signal with lights ;
Our big guns kept firing till late the next morning,
To tell where we were, to each ship was a warning.

About nine p.m., the thirtieth of October,
All hands upon deck thought our cruising was over,
We had a slight fog, some had turned in to rest,
When the Liffey was steering on our starboard abreast.

Her head to our gangway was running quite fast,
We expected each moment to lose our main mast ;
She came so close to us you could hear their men talking,
When our captain hailed the Liffey on the bridge he was walking.

The watch before the mainmast was told to retire,
To give them a signal a musket was fired ;
Port helm on the Liffey, then some one called out,
Which saved some from death and a wreck there's no doubt.

Just before this occurred near our stern she was seen,
She sheered off to starboard, as if too close she had been ;
But she caught a fresh breeze, which brought her head
round,— [down.

'Twas the Phœbe, if she had struck we might have gone

What praise we all owe to our Almighty God,
For sparing both ships from a wreck in this fog ;
When the Liffey sheered off just under our stern,
Our lights and our danger she then could discern.

Some men were thinking a few moments before
Of swimming to be saved if the boats were lowered ;
Some thought of the future and hoped to be saved
From meeting with death and a watery grave.

The first of November, a cold breeze and slight rain,
Which lasted two days, while we shivered with pain ;
On the night of the third we saw danger as before,
For we nearly ran foul of the Barrosa once more.

The fifth of November a dense fog us surrounded,
To tell where we were our fog-horns were sounded ;
And guns they were firing at half-hours all the night ;
The next morning was clear, and the fleet all in sight.

The seventh of November, when preparing for church,
And men at their guns, the ship gave a lurch ;
Our port-holes being opened by tons took in water,
And men were sent flying, half-drowned, from quarters.

Our main deck was floated, all seemed in a breeze,
Some struggling in water, and some wet to the knees ;
Down our main hatchway it sounded like thunder,
And men changing their clothing were soon washed
asunder.

Scrubbed hammocks and washing the eighth of November,
And the cold we experienced we long shall remember ;
To see more than five hundred men washing is laughable,
And snow to the Phoebe is rather remarkable.

Forty-five thirty south was our latitude,
Seventy-seven forty-four was our longitude,
And steering east by south, when the snow and the sleet
Were falling, and miserable was most of the fleet.

I am sorry to say we lost our main topmast staysail stay,
Our fore-top gallant jackstay we lost the same day ;
We shifted the yard in the midst of our washing,
All shivering with cold, while on the waves we were tossing.

This job it was trying both for the young and the old ;
For we experienced two snow storms while we trembled
with cold,

On the ninth of November, the fleet was clothed in white,
And they all met with accidents before it was night.

Our friends in Piccadilly, the Strand, and our clubs,
 Are smart sailors at home, and give us sly rubs :
 Over a glass of port wine, a cigar, or perhaps ale,
 They will speak of our cruise, and tell a long tale
 About our pleasures and scenery as we visit each place,
 But to enjoy a fireside they have got a great taste ;
 Just give them a trip with the Squadron at leisure, [sure.
 To teach them the difference between hardship and plea-

For our cruise it is long, and we miss a fresh feed,
 No laying up in harbour, ours is real sailing indeed ;
 Our time so taken up with one thing and the other,
 It would make our land sailors soon think of their mother.

We have men in the service they call Jack Shill'oops,
 Are good sailors in a tap-room, and the service abuse ;
 But let them exchange with the fleet for two days
 In the storm that is coming, then they would deserve
 praise.

It was a cold morning, and steering south-east,
 When the wind it was strong, and for a time it increased,
 The sea it was raging, which set us all rolling,
 And we took in great seas as o'er the waves we were
 strolling.

We lost our two quarter boats, I am sorry to relate,
 Also two of our davits they shared the same fate ;
 Some thinking of relations, and some of their souls.
 When struck by a wave, which cleared away two port holes.

Our spider band broke, which put us about,
 Then to prevent more accidents we had to look out ;
 The bruises and cuts at them we do not wonder,
 As wave after wave comes on us like thunder.

The Liverpool on the ninth lost her main-top sail,
 But she rides over the waves like a castle in a gale ;
 The Endymion's mizen-top sail, when the wind was strong,
 Was carried away in a moment as she was rolling along.

The Scylla lost her cross-jack yard and mizen-top sail,
 Rough weather was coming they saw without fail ;
 The Barrosa lost her cross-jack yard, as she took in great
 No doubt men in water stood up to their knees. [seas,

The fore and main topsail of the Liffey was lost,
 To repair all the damage a round sum it will cost.
 As I am in the Phœbe my information is small,
 Still I will do all I can in this log to please all.

All the fleet in this gale at a distance looked grand,
As they rode on each wave we could hardly stand;
Our canvas seems bad, and most of our gear,
Through the heat of the West Indies, where we've been
for two years.

Some accidents and colds make work for the doctors,
Sometimes they are as busy as lawyers and proctors;
With the exception of minor cases, I can speak for myself,
The fleet are united, and are now in good health.

The tenth, and still stormy, we lost very soon
In the morning our fore-top gallant studding-sail boom;
The eleventh, our foresail, fore-topmast staysail
Was rent,—had a fog and snow, with cold hail.

This is in our favour: when all is not right,
Our captain on the bridge will stay near all night,
Till he has put on such canvas as he thinks for the best
To sail her in safety, while he goes and takes rest.

Our men and the officers all take it quite calm,
And assist one another from meeting with harm;
Each watch has its optional at two and at four,
To keep life in their system till this weather is o'er.

All our decks they are wet, and some bags in the racks
Are soaking, and men are like drowned rats;
Still their work it goes on, they want no abuse,
And to growl at each other they know it's no use.

We get up our steam very seldom, it's true,
Yet our engineers and stokers have plenty to do;
But the band and our minister, we all must admit,
Can't perform their own duty, unless weather permit.

Old Job had great patience, but he trusted in God,
And amongst all his trials, he had no flying squad;
But when this is over, and we return to Spithead,
We can be thankful to God that more are not dead.

On the twelfth, heavy waves round the fleet they did rally,
When the Phœbe just escaped from losing her galley.
These waves were the longest and the highest we've seen,
That stove in our galley since outward we've been.

We lost sight of the Endymion and the Scylla, on the tenth;
On the eleventh chased the Scylla, as before us she went;
We had a stiff breeze, rather rough, I must mention,
So we fired a big gun to draw their attention.

The fourteenth, still missing the Endymion and Scylla,
 No doubt they are both safe, somewhere on the billows;
 We have a good breeze, improved is the weather,
 And we hope very soon to be in Melbourne together.

Before divisions on Sunday the fourteenth of November,
 Also while at prayers, some one will remember,
 The fore topmast studding-sail haulyards of the Liverpool
 this morning

Carried away in a moment without giving them warning.

On the sixteenth of November our crew surveyed cable,
 To keep themselves warm at this they were able;
 The breeze it was fresh, and the snow was fast falling,
 While smoking after dinner we practised snow-balling.

On the seventeenth of November we had a good breeze,
 Also a hail-storm, and snow by degrees, [early;
 When our fore-topmast studding-sail carried away very
 All this was made good without men looking surly.

On the same day the clew of our main-topsail, they say,
 Carried away; snow and sleet was falling all day:
 General and fire quarters; after this the fleet measured
 The rate of our sailing a few miles just for pleasure.

The Liffey was victorious in this trial of speed,
 But she carried four more sail than the Phœbe indeed,
 When the Light Brigade passed, she was 76 days out,
 From London to Auckland, with emigrants no doubt.

On the first and the second of October last,
 As we came near the Cape, we were sailing then fast,
 But to beat this fast sailing we shall wait a long while,
 As in twenty-five hours we ran three hundred miles.

From the Cape forty-six south was our latitude,
 And due east to Australia with a good breeze we stood;
 Though the weather and wind from the Cape was so trying,
 Still we made a quick passage, it's no use denying.

In one hundred and thirty-seven longitude we had hail,
 On the eighteenth of November, half the size of a snail,
 In middle watch of the nineteenth a sudden wind carried
 away

The studding-sails of the Liverpool very early that day.

The twentieth and twenty-first we had scarcely any breeze,
 To sail and make headway we can't do as we please;
 In first watch of the twenty-second a stiff wind we had
 When the Liffey she lost her flying jibboom. [soon,

The twenty-third had a breeze, rather strong, I must say,
The Liverpool's main-topmast-stay carried away on that
day,

The Liffey and Barrosa's main-top-gallant-sails split,
But soon were repaired with their good luck and wit.

The Phœbe's fore-topsail and spanker rent in two,
And our jib martingale and starboard tiller snapped through;
This morning we sighted Cape Nelson's white shore,
Wearied ship, and stood off from the land as before.

In middle watch of the twenty-fourth the Barrosa again
Visited Miss Phœbe—this is her old game;
There was scarcely any wind, and calm was the water,
When the Barrosa nearly struck against our starboard
quarter.

Our officer on watch was on the alert,
And hailed the Barrosa, which did us no hurt;
He told them to port helm hard over and square sail,
When this they had done they ran clear without fail.

This corvette being much lighter, a breeze she soon feels,
And being in the rear on the Phœbe she steals;
Still these two flying young ladies they like a good breeze,
And visit each other whenever they please.

Nearly all this day we were making little speed,
But to get into Melbourne we were anxious indeed;
As we came near Cape Otway, about nine the same night,
A gale very suddenly threw us all in a fright.

They say there's no peace for the wicked, 'tis true,
But to sail clear from danger we had plenty to do;
Being so near to the land when the wind and the waves
Were threat'ning the squadron with watery graves.

Just before this occurred all was still and men larking,
When all of a sudden you hear the wind barking;
These gales come so sudden, they are called southerly
busters,

And to weather these gales all hands have to muster.

Our foresail, main top-gallant-sail was rent in twain,
To keep all sail on her was labour in vain;
The wind it was cutting, and rain fast was falling,
While men were aloft a-reefing and hauling.

Our captain and navigating lieutenant were up all night,
And never turned in till they saw the ship right;
We got up our steam, and then sailed out to sea,
To be prepared for rough weather we wanted to be.

The next morning was stormy, and rough were the billows,
When we saw in the distance coming up was the Scylla;
On the tenth of this month from the fleet she was parted,
In the storm that was raging from us she was started.

The twenty-fifth it was blustery, and cruising about,
To see the Endymion we were on the look out;
But she did not appear, yet she will be here without fail,
And the Liffey the same evening lost her main topsail.

This evening was rather windy, when our rolling began,
And the waves drove in a scuttle—it made a noise like a
gun;

Upon the lower deck at this time our hammocks were
swinging,

And the lower deck and our gear with water was wringing.

The twenty-sixth, a fresh morning, five ships were in sight,
And we signal for a pilot just after daylight;

About ten the same morning to board us he was free,
And we crossed over the bar in the evening at three.

As we came near the harbour each man at his station
Was looking for Melbourne and news from relations;
For our mail we expected, and fresh food you must know,
To drown all our cares when our anchor's let go.

The Scylla stays outside to cruise for a time,
Most likely very soon the Endymion will find;
Our jibs and main-top-gallant-sails were rent in twain,
And a stiff breeze we had into harbour again.

We came into harbour in two lines, you must know,
About a quarter to seven our anchors let go;
As we lay in our station, the Liverpool and Liffey,
Then the Phoebe and Barrosa, some distance from the jetty.

More than five months we have passed of this cruise,
And the mercies of God may we never abuse;
For dangers we've seen, and shall meet many more,
Let us be thankful to God then, for Him we adore.

The twenty-seventh, what a change now in harbour,—all
at work with a will;

No reefing of topsails, or waiting for drill;
While our cleaning goes on, and free from all grief,
And men the same night had special and privilege leave.

The twenty-eighth, a Sunday morning, we tried to keep holy;
Our work it is little, still this is done boldly;
We cleared away hauser, and put a swivel on the cable,
And people from Melbourne to visit us were able.

We shall have kindness and friendship while here we remain,

And a free passage to Melbourne and back by the train.
The twenty-eighth November, a little before ten,
The Endymion and Scylla joined the squadron again.

This is my first log : I will here bring it to a close,
To bring out a second part when paying-off I propose ;
And I hope all my readers will not take it amiss,
At remarks I have passed or omitted in this.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MELBOURNE.

Ye sons of Australia, we hail you with pride,
Should troubles o'ertake you, we'll be at your side ;
With a fleet of blue jackets round the world we can run,
And keep down aggression with Childers' Squadron.

May commerce and prosperity join hand in hand,
To secure peace and happiness all through your rich land ;
As we sail in your harbour it looks grand and sublime,
Its equal this cruise the fleet will not find.

For your harbour, to look at a distance at sea,
Reminds us of home in every degree ;
With its churches, high chimneys, and labourers with hods,
All busy and anxious to see the flying squad.

Our stay in the harbour will soon have an end,
But a visit on shore we will pay to our friends,
Who look upon strife with a frown and with sneers,
And hail the Flying Squadron with three British cheers.

Our voyage is friendship, information for Childers,
And the speed of each ship will be seen by ship-builders ;
And statesmen will talk of iron ships and of wood,
And ask in the House which has done the most good.

But let them remember, our object's not speed,
To take time from the admiral we have to take heed,
And at drill or in sailing the Phoebe you will see
In her place when at anchor, and also at sea.

A delay was occasioned at their first starting out,
Which will keep them the longer in this flying route ;
And the places we visit we must not stay too long,
If we wish to be home by the year seventy-one.

Our friends while at Melbourne will meet with a treat,
At a grand ball on shore or in a ship of the fleet,
With the officers of the squadron, as a token of respect,
And our visit to this colony may they never forget.

PART II.

THE first part of my log was quite a success,
To bring out the second, I will now do my best ;
To please all the fleet, and the public as well ;
For a neat little pamphlet to them I will sell.

But the ideas of mankind on such matters are strange,
To give them the truth I will try to arrange,
As we are gifted with power, thought, wisdom, and might,
To judge and decide, what is wrong and what's right.

The twenty-ninth of November we had general leave,
And some men went to Melbourne, their pleasures to seek,
And some to Ballarat, the gold diggings to view,
Where all places were open for them to go through.

The diggers were kind, and shewed them about
Amongst all their works, as they went on their route,
Some brought away quartz and nuggits of gold,
As a token of respect, by some I was told.

All lines were thrown open, for the fleet to go free
By trains through Victoria, there sights for to see.
The horses and machinery, they would you surprise,
So neat and complete, they looked such a size.

All smiles and good temper, in Melbourne we were treated,
With welcome and pleasure the fleet were all greeted ;
All was jovial and busy from morning till night,
To make the fleet happy all took a delight.

But we met with misfortunes, in two or three cases :
The first that occurred was at Melbourne spring races ;
Jack tore off the gathering of a young lady's dress,
Then to apologise for the same he did her address.

The young lady smiled, said she'd have it repaired ;
At this the flying sailor then at her quite stared,
He took off his hat, all his messmates to hail,
And collected two pounds to buy her a new sail.

Another Jack tar had been a publican's host,
He saw a fine horse tied to a lamp-post,
So he mounted this horse, which kicked up a dust,
And both went headlong into a full omnibus.

Another one had "My Log," some friends he did meet,
And read it aloud to them in the street;
But soon was surrounded by a very large crowd
Who spoke with good humour, of the fleet they were proud.

But an Englishman's proud of his belly, you know,
To keep in good temper, you must let him go
To have a good dinner and a nice glass of ale,
And then he will amuse you with some laughable tale.

So most of the fleet while in Melbourne looked out
To keep within bounds on this flying route;
And long will the memory of our visit out here
Be thought of with pleasure, and by some with a tear.

For many of our men found friends and relations,
Who came to Australia to better their stations.
Our friendship and respect is strengthened for ever
Between home and Australia, death alone can it sever.

Like the meteor that glides through the beautiful sky,
Leaves a train of remembrance, at times with a sigh,
The bounteous heavens have taught us our duty to man,
And to assist one another—against death we can't stand.

All places of amusement, and places of note
We visited, where men they could pass a joke,
Where dancing, and singing, and a glass with our friend,
And scenes just for pastime we saw without end.

We had balls and grand parties for the officers of the fleet,
Amusements of all sorts, where their friends they could
meet;

Horse-racing and cricketing, they all had their share;
They can't speak too highly of Melbourne to be fair.

Hospitality they shewed, both to officers and men,
And gave us a welcome to call there again;
But now our leave's over, we must bid them adieu,
And return to the fleet, where we have plenty to do.

The fourth of December a review by the fleet,—
General holiday for Melbourne to give them a treat;
The morning was cloudy and promised to rain,
While thousands left Melbourne this morning by train.

All ships in the harbour were dressed and looked gay,
And flags they had flying everywhere all the day,
Whilst steamers were running with visitors to the fleet,
On the beach there were thousands, expecting a treat.

The clouds they look'd dull, but there was a slight breeze,
And the fleet were all anxious their visitors to please ;
Our work commenced early our anchors to weigh,
While Johnny marching home the bands they did play.

About half-past eleven the Governor and General Chute,
The Staff and Miss Manners Sutton, many ladies to boot,
Went on board of the Liverpool, a salute was then fired,
Through travelling and dampness some ladies seemed
tired.

When the order was given our anchor to weigh,
The Phœbe her anchor was up they all say,
And the Barrosa was late, through the shortness of men,
So we nearly ran foul of each other again.

We sailed in two lines to commence this review,
Then in columns of divisions—they had a good view,
Then into subdivisions, and then into line,
Abreast in battle order, it looked grand and sublime.

The Nelson, a liner, took part with the fleet,
And was loaded with visitors our movements to greet ;
Both houses of the Legislature, and men of great wealth.
The accommodation of the Nelson, she can speak for her-
self.

We fifteen miles down the bay sailed for a trip,
All the fleet carried visitors ; we had to wear ship
To return into harbour after six the same night ;
To make them all happy each one did his mite.

The rain was then falling, which made it unpleasant,
Some wished to be home in a villa or crescent ;
Still they bore it out boldly in the midst of bad weather,
Till we returned into harbour almost altogether.

The bay was alive with steamers and boats,
Each ship had reporters, who were there taking notes ;
Some were disappointed when the review was now ended,
Because no sham fighting or powder we expended.

When we got into harbour you could see with a glance
That some of our visitors then wanted a dance ;
So our main deck was cleared by the crew and a mate,
And they tripp'd it quite lively this night till 'twas late.

The boats of the fleet conveyed them ashore,
Without wasting our powder, for this treat now was o'er ;
Their ears were not deafened or shook in the least,
Still our friendship in Melbourne through this will increase.

Our name for many years the young will hand down,
For most of the schools by train came from town,
And visited the fleet,—all were as busy as bees,
To relish our biscuit they wanted no cheese.

Some ran up the rigging, eat their dinner and tea,
With the reception they got all seemed in great glee;
But our bread barges they emptied, they eat it like honey,
And just for amusement some scrambled for money.

The seventh of December the fleet left this place,
But the people of Melbourne will long our cruise trace;
We had a fair wind, but not far had we got,
When we met with an accident at eleven o'clock.

Our top topsail parril lashing carried away without squeak-
While the men were upon it, all busy a reefing; [ing,
They were swinging on the yard a few moments in fear,
But soon with great care they came down all clear.

The boys and the men on this yard are called lambies;
Still they all know their work, and have plenty of savey;
Still fourteen lives hanging in danger's no joke;
The crew they seemed proud as they came down by ropes.

We got up our steam, with the tide to arrange,
And at Sanitary Point we lay for a change; [down,
But the Endymion, while steaming, her machinery broke
Before we reached Sanitary Point, where the fleet then
was bound.

We started next morning, which was better by far,
And about a quarter to five the fleet crossed the bar;
When clear of all danger, our pilot soon started;
From the shores of Victoria we soon were all parted.

About the same time our maintop-sail split;
To repair this mishap we waited a bit;
When this sail we had shifted the second way;
This shows how lucky we were the first day.

More accidents on the eighth, by this you will see,
A goose neck was broken, without feathers, at sea;
In the last dog watch our starboard lower boom
Soon broke asunder, as short as a broom.

Also our maintopgallant stunsail boom gave way:
The yard and the sail we lost on this day;
And the Liverpool's topmast stunsail sheet rent into twain,
So you see our misfortunes all commencing again.

The reeving chain of our propeller was broken through this steaming,

But to leave the screw down no one could be dreaming ;
So a diving apparatus we got from the Liffey ;
On the tenth of December all was as right as a jiffey.

The ninth of December we sighted Cape Howe,
And becalmed in the evening, to God's will we must bow ;
Next morning Gabos lighthouse we passed at our ease :
Had lightning and thunder, also a good breeze.

The eleventh of December, little wind all the day ;
The foretopmast stunsail was soon carried away
Of the Liverpool this morning, just after the rouse ;
We passed Jarvis's Bay and St. George's lighthouse.

The twelfth of December, we made Sydney Heads,
And men, women, and children were kept late out of beds ;
They were waiting to welcome us in with delight,
But we let go our anchors at the Heads for the night.

This was for the best, being late in the day ;
To bring us in harbour requires judgment, they say ;
But our Admiral is careful in all things, you will find ;
So we came in next morning, all in single line.

Steamers, and yachts, and boats, without number,
Came out to meet us for pleasure, not plunder ;
And thousands assembled round the harbour and domain
To cheer the fleet in, and a good view to gain.

While shouts from the shore our presence did greet,
And the pipe through the fleet went for general leave ;
So we all got our money and three days for a run
With friends and relations in Sydney—for fun.

Four out of six lay in Farm Cove Bay,
And the Phœbe and Scylla outside the Chair lay ;
The scenery was beautiful ; we had a good view
Of the harbour and domain, also Woolloomooloo.

The thirteenth of December was Monday, you know—
A holiday on shore, their friendship to shew ;
And on landing the people our movements admired,
And treated us kindly till our leave had expired.

The watch left on board had to refit the ship,
And take in provisions and coal with good wit ;
For they thought of the spree then for them in store,
With the people of Sydney when they went on shore.

But I was unlucky,—as I went with "My Log"
To the office of *Punch* before I tasted of grog,
And arranged all my business as I thought in good style,
Yet I was doomed to meet trouble just then for awhile.

Had I been Gladstone, Mr. Childers, or Bright,
More cheering I could not have had on this night ;
For walking up Pill Street about five at my leisure,
I was seized by civilians and sailors for pleasure.

They asked for "My Log," many questions alas !
And begged as a favour that I would take a glass ;
In the first house we came to they wanted me there,
I told them such treatment from them was not fair.

When they seized me like ruffians for a joke in a crack,
And hoisted me aloft on somebody's back ;
The more I resisted and tried to break loose,
I was hoisted on shoulders like a fool and a goose.

Once on my legs, I thought I would run,
When two or three hundred where enjoying this fun ;
Still they handled me roughly as these lines will shew,
So into a grog shop I then had to go.

To pay for all drinks to them was no bore,
I could drink what I liked and they'd soon call for more ;
Lemonade and gingerbeer I drank—what a waste,
While ale and hard spirits were thrown in my face.

While larking and drinking and shouting at leisure,
To keep them good tempered I drank for their pleasure ;
Such shaking of hands and hopes of success,
To keep me in tow they all did their best.

Now drinking and joking was the order of the day,
And all went on smoothly,—I had nothing to pay ;
But after this treat, I wanted a change,
So I told them I must go my affairs to arrange.

This had the effect of some leaving the house,
A cab soon was got,—I was mute as a mouse ;
To get rid of such friendship was labour in vain,
I only got laughed at and cheered for my pain.

Our cab was soon stopped in the street by a crowd,
To see us draw up, everyone there was proud ;
For sailors and civilians had a man there asleep
On a bedstead and mattress which was placed in the street.

We were asked to alight this lodger to view,
And people around them were then not a few;
A sailor as sentinel had a stick for his rifle,
To disturb this sham sleeper to him was no trifle.

All seemed in good temper to carry on this joke,
To get clear of this crowd the horse's nose we did poke,
And down into Paddington where I was soon surrounded,
And asked to lend money, which made me dumbfounded.

When I had put all things right they would never forget,
But to keep up the spree I must with them take wet;
Next morning when alone I was roused by the host,
With the rum and some brandy—no friend, but a ghost.

I slept for a time, then got up for a walk,
Some men in the kitchen then could hear me talk;
They came in like demons and called for more drink,
As I left for my walk on their arms I did link.

They followed me into the country where we all went,
To keep up the spree for the day they were bent;
But I soon lost my senses with their cunning ways,
Through friendship "My Log" kept me absent three days.

And the confidence which our Captain once had in me
Was broken by folly in Sydney you'll see;
Neglected my business, and for a time I felt ill,
But to be so ungrateful,—it was not my own will.

By the rules of the service we have to abide,
As a code of all penitents we have for a guide;
Still I hope to get mercy, as it seems very odd,
I've lost my best friend through this spree with "My
Log."

But when we pay off, and "My Log's" at a close,
Such friendship and sprees I then will oppose;
And those who respect me can bear this in mind,
All drinking and cheering to me is unkind.

Now let us return to the fourteenth of December;
We refitted ship our visitors will remember,
They came out in numbers in the evening at leisure,
And pulled round the fleet till night for their pleasure.

As they spoke of our appearance, we could hear them
aloud,

As they passed by each ship, all seemed to be proud:
And hoped for some time we would remain in the Bay,
And to visit some ship they would try every day.

The fifteenth, coaled ship, no work was neglected,
The Admiral and staff, the Vernon inspected :
And gave them great credit, whilst some thought, Now
will you

Speak well of our training ship we have in Australia ?

The sixteenth, on shore for a run, not a spree,
For friends now in Sydney some one had to see ;
For enjoyment and scenery we never seemed tired,
Though our leave for three next morning expired.

The seventeenth, provisioned ship, Admiral, and Captain
Bythesea,

And Lambert, being senior officers, with his Excellency,
Visited a few places just for information :
Their presence in town caused quite a sensation.

The same evening the Admiral and Captains of the fleet,
Visited the Municipality fresh faces to meet ;
They were received by Mr. Thompson, who wears the C.B.,
And Chancellor and Miss Buckland, the institution to see.

Here officers of the fleet, and officers of state,
Assembled in numbers for nothing could wait ;
For all dignity and state this day it came out,
Which surprised all gentlemen on this flying rout.

Our Admiral and officers were there not a few,
To pass every compliment they had plenty to do ;
The same night Admiral Hornby, and officers all,
Were invited by the Governor to be present at a ball.

To surround them with pleasure and plenty of fun,
The Governor and Countess left nothing undone ;
The refreshments were splendid, and all were admired,
And dancing kept up till a few were quite tired.

The eighteenth of December in Sydney we lay,
A change of command in the Phoebe this day ;
And we hope during the cruise this will be the last,
For many changes we have had in days that are past.

Commander Annesley's ill health invalidated him here,
We hope he will do well for many a long year ;
Lieutenant Crohan of the Liverpool commands,
He has made many changes for good and not harm.

This day, school children, four thousand in number,
Visited the fleet for a treat and not lumber ;
On every deck you could hear the men wishing,
To be at home with their wives, their little ones kissing.

God is the Father of all nations on earth,
He loves all His children from the time of their birth :
And sailors are gifted with kindness you will find,
And love little children and those left behind.

These children from school in the fleet were let loose,
To keep them together for a time was no use ;
No matter what part of the ship you might be,
A sailor for pleasure would have one on his knee.

They scrambled for money, cakes, biscuits, and fruit,
While some climbed the rigging, we gave the girls books ;
And all seemed delighted, around the decks they did run,
And gave us three cheers for the Flying Squadron.

Their teachers and masters by them did abide,
All boats and all steamers for them were employed ;
When landed, the train took them home all the way,
A treat to remember for many a long day.

The nineteenth being Sunday, divine service on board
For the fleet and civilians to them was no bore ;
The Liverpool had the Governor, three hundred and odd
Of people from Sydney, to hear the sweet word of God.

The twentieth the Governor visited all the ships,
We manned all the yards, but no ensign then dips,
His staff and all visitors at this seemed quite pleased,
So the rest of the day we spent at our ease.

We manned and armed boats the twenty-first of December,
A sight for the people of 'Sydney to remember ;
We formed up in line, on the fort opened fire,
After showing them our power we then did retire.

The Liverpool and Phoebe a cricket match played,
Got up by Mr. Pritchard, who gave them his aid ;
It commenced about twelve and a little after five
The Phoebe was victorious, by them kept alive.

The Phoebe ninety-six, Liverpool sixty-nine,
Twenty-seven the Liverpool, you'll see, was behind ;
But Parslow of the Phoebe, he made twenty-two,
To put this man out they had plenty to do.

A pleasanter game could not have taken place,
A smile you could see in everyone's face ;
And when the game ended, the chairman he called,
And presented Mr. Till with a new cricket ball.

They sat down to dinner, a splendid affair,
Mr. Pritchard, J.P., he then took the chair, [glee,
Proposed the health of the Queen, Admiral Hornby with
In a bumper of ale, he was giving them free.

The vice-chairman, Mr. Kelly, then rose to propose
The health of the fleet, but he very few knows;
After speeches and laughter and drinking of wine,
They all joined in chorus in the song, "Auld Lang Syne."
Mr. Manning, Admiral's Coxswain, returned thanks for
the fleet,

And hoped many days like the present they'd meet;
For they all seemed delighted, with each other sipp'd,
And bid adieu to their friends, then returned to their ships.

The twenty-second, theatres and balls when on shore,
And life for the officers the same as before;
To attend at these balls they generally have warning
To keep up the dancing till late in the morning.

But when we leave here the fleet will be missed,
And many a sad heart will be thinking of Miss —;
They then will correspond, and cherish with tears
The thought of their lovers, they'll not see for years.

The twenty-third Major Blackall, the Governor of Queens-
land, [grand;
And the Governor of Sydney, in the Liverpool looked
For the staff and the ladies, in this they were winners,
As they stayed a long time, and partook a good dinner.

Now dancing all day in all ships, yes, on board,
With the ladies from Sidney and officers without swords;
All the bands of the fleet were playing "Jack's Alive,"
Which made them as happy as bees in a hive.

The twenty-fourth, our Admiral and staff soon did rally
Around the train for a drive to Little Grove Valley,
With the Consuls of France, Spain, and Italy, to bag
All the presents they could find when they got to Zig-Zag.

Now the people of Sydney, to let us be winners,
On Christmas-day thought we should have our dinners;
But our Admiral refused them, no doubt for the best,
To keep men from trouble: you can judge all the rest.

The ladies determined the fleet should receive
A present from them on this Christmas Eve;
So a steamer they sent in the evening, and in her
Were provisions of all sorts for our Christmas dinner.

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To cook them next day we were hardly able,
But a glass of good ale we missed at each table ;
For plum pudding and roast beef, you have heard the
old tale,

Is nothing at Christmas unless we have ale.

They wanted to send us some drink with this treat,
But naught of the kind was to come near the fleet ;
We had a good dinner, and some thought it odd
To pass Christmas-day with our usual day's grog.

Our memories and customs remind us all when
Good will on this day was sent for all men ;
To save us from sin, each one acting as brother,
Was the will of our Saviour, amongst one another.

The old English custom is plum pudding and roast beef,
With a glass of good ale, we keep up this *fête*,
And a log on our fire—the last two are denied ;
With the rules of the service we have to abide.

But all went on smoothly : the men had a chance
To amuse one another on board by a dance ;
The bands they were playing late at night : it was then
You could see the good-will there was among men.

Our leave was now over : we had left many friends,
But friendship and respect in time has its ends ;
Still the birth of our Saviour is remembered by all,
Whether landsman or sailor, till death does us call.

The fleet had their pleasures on shore, it is true,
But to see all the amusements they had plenty to do ;
For to travel about we had no contention :
About things that occurred much more I could mention.

Twenty-sixth, got up steam ; for Sydney Heads started,
But to look at the shore made some men down-hearted ;
For thousands very early got out of their beds
To see us all steam down to Sydney Heads.

We had a fair wind in the middle of the day ;
All seemed full of thought as we got on our way ;
While handkerchiefs were waving, they gave us a cheer,
And long they'll remember the fleet being out here.

Twenty-ninth, lost the wind : this seemed very bad ;
The thirtieth, a fresh breeze the fleet they soon had ;
From this to the second the wind was changeable,
But our passage was pleasant, and very commendable.

January the first, the Endymion and Scylla
 Nearly ran foul of each other on the billow ;
 But the officer on the watch was on the look-out
 Of the Scylla : to them " Hard a lee " he did shout.

When near to the harbour, the Liffey very soon
 Run astern into danger, just under our boom ;
 And all hands in both ships were as busy as pipers,
 Still she carried away our dolphin strider.

When coming to anchor our compressor pendants broke
 Away from our cable, which to us was no joke ;
 It cleared its own way, and run out in a jiffey,
 And some part, they say, went under the Liffey.

We arrived at Tasmania, February the second,
 And by their free heartedness we should take a lesson ;
 All acted and spoke of the fleet without fears,
 As if they had known us for many long years.

As she drifted down to us we then could discern
 Our chain near her bottom when she shewed us her stern ;
 She came near the whiskers of Miss Phœbe, you see,
 To keep up their friendship and speak of a spree

They would have when at Plymouth, was everyone's
 thought, [off ;

When our cruise was all over, and both ships were paid
 As we go round the world we keep sight of each other,
 And act through the fleet as friendly as brothers.

When our anchor was out, and our ship was there moored,
 The people were cheering, and our boats soon were
 lowered

For a visit to our friends who were living on shore,
 And to speak of the pleasures for us then in store.

For the Honourable Ducane is a seafaring man,
 To give us amusements he has done all he can ;
 And his lady and advisers will bear a good name,
 For supplying us with pleasures while here we remain.

Neither time nor expense to them seemed a bore,
 For the comfort of officers and men while on shore ;
 They patronized balls, theatres, boat-racing,
 And many more things in this I am tracing.

On the third general leave the fleet were allowed
 For twenty-four hours ; with this we were proud ;
 But we manned and armed boats, and all was arranged
 To send us on shore this day for a change.

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Our men drove about through the town at their leisure,
And visited many places of note for their pleasure;
Even places of worship, they were not neglected,
But prayers from a sailor are seldom expected.

Being afloat for so long, serious moments depart,
But when upon shore they have got a good heart;
Always ready to risk their lives for another,
And to spend their last shilling with a stranger as brother.

Like Tait of the Liverpool, you all will remember,
Who lent his last sovereign on the sixth of December
To a stranger in the street, who was no perfumer,
And at the end of Bob Pickles, signed his name Boomer.

This action of Tait's is one out of many
Of men in the navy who give their last penny,
For they know what it is when at sea to be short
Of water and food where none are to be bought.

The man called Old Boomer, in the middle of the street,
And saw Tait the caulker, whom he wanted to meet.
A sailor abroad or at home is quite willing
To give to the needy his last penny or shilling.

The tradesmen and labourers are proud of their calling,
And have a free speech where men they are bawling
About politics and statesmen and laws of the land,
Still the sailor afloat all this understands.

Ours is a brave calling, all missionaries we aid,
Each man for some business our great God has made;
And men for the navy are as plentiful as flowers
To serve Queen and country against the great Powers.

What games when in Hobart Town the Flying Squad had,
What tricks they went through,—no one could look sad;
Some riding on horses, with their face to the tail,
Running foul of each other—the effects of strong ale.

Some hired cabs, and others wheelbarrows,
And drove about town as lively as sparrows;
While some bought a goose and called it a hawk.
And told the bystanders they would teach it to talk.

Their manner was laughable; the people could see
They spared no expense to carry on the spree;
Some wore high white hats they had got by a chance,
And then for amusement in the street had a dance.

All went on smoothly, no one thought it odd,
But joined in the spree with our Flying Squad;
And at night a promenade concert we had without noise,
Our Admiral and Governor all this patronized.

On the fifth, invitations were sent to the fleet,
For the Admiral and officers on shore—for a treat
With Archdeacon Reilly, the Governor and suite,
To go into the country at the scenery to look.

They had a fine sight, as many can tell,
The fields looked so green, and all things looked well :
The invitations accepted by several score,
Who said that the harvest never looked better before.

But to speak of Tasmania, I wish here to say,
That for a colony at a distance, it's the first of the day :
The climate is splendid, the Governor introducing,
With economy and skill, it will be self-producing.

Two thousand pounds are offered to each man,
To provide for Tasmania what is useful if he can :
For the Governor thinks it folly to pay through the nose,
While men of great skill they have got he well knows.

With patience inducements we soon shall behold,
The colony of Tasmania independent and bold :
As regards clothing, food, and implements of tillage,
Some towns will spring up where now there's a village.

As time rolls on and all strife is at rest,
With Governor and government each one does his best :
All loyal and ready to a man they would stand,
To protect Queen and country of their old Fatherland.

January the fifth, the Barrosa was sent,
From Tasmania to Melbourne—on duty she went,
For men of the fleet who had gone adrift,
So to part with her company we had to make shift.

A picnic on the sixth, was the officers' fare,
And many young ladies I hear they had there ;
And government officials were there not a few,
To make this day pleasant there was little to do.

For all was arranged with taste and good will,
Before starting out no one could be still ;
Each thought, and then acted, all things to supply,
For the picnic and party with things not so dry.

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This treat it was pleasant for the officers of the fleet,
Who returned into town for their friends there to meet ;
At a ball the same night with them they could sip :
I will speak of the Liverpool now here for a bit.

She had a man jamm'd when moving a gun,
While men upon shore where enjoying much fun :
It was very serious, he broke one of his thighs,
And was dangerously hurt in other places besides.

Another one lost, when at work at a gun,
He was well at the time, but he soon lost his thumb :
Another man fell from aloft in the rigging,
When saved by a rope, in the air he was swinging.

On the seventh, general holiday, the bells did resound,
Of Trinity Church, in this noted town ;
All business suspended, and shops were all closed,
To show their respects to the fleet, I suppose.

The day it was fine, none could have been better,
The rich and the poor came to the regatta :
And children from school,—it looked like a fair,—
At the booths on the beach, they did a good share.

About eleven, the Governor and Committee of the regatta
Made their appearance, things could not have looked better ;
A gun of the Liffey ashore to give warning
To the boats that were starting in the regatta this morning,

The first race was launches, by this you will see,
The boat that was winner belonged to the Phœbe ;
The next was the Liffey, then came the Liverpool,
This was a good race, one of the old school.

The second was for skiffs—what a beautiful sight
To see their swift pulling—each one did his might ;
Like a bird on the water they went round the fleet,
And cheered by all hands as they rode on the deep.

But some took it easy, they know their own speed,
Of cheering and excitement they did not take heed ;
But made for the point where a gun it was fired
For the skiff that was first, but all were admired.

The third race was pinnace, Endymion and Scylla,
They pulled through the water as light as a willow ;
Being twelve-oared boats, before they could win it,
The others had ten, so they gave them a minute.

The Endymion came first, the Scylla came next,—
This was a fine race, and no one seemed vexed ;
The boats they were good, and the men in good trim,
Each one doing his best this fine race to win.

The fourth was for gigs, fine boats as a rule,—
The first was the Liffey, Endymion, and the Liverpool ;
But the Liffey took the lead in this race there and back,
While the Endymion and Liverpool were close on her track.

The three next races were for the people of the town,
And all seemed delighted as their boats they went round ;
Great credit was due for giving us this treat,
And giving away prizes to the boats of the fleet.

Mr. Gill and the Governor, his staff and committee,
Had a grand stand erected not far from the jetty ;
Where those that were winners met a welcome surprise,
With a reward for their skill and compliments beside.

Now the fleet and spectators were on the look out,
To see the next race for sport there's no doubt,
And all was arranged as regards music and dress,
To please all spectators each one did his best.

This was the eighth race, copper punts they were five,
With shovels they pulled to keep things alive,
And all sorts of music they had, you must know,
From the cornet, concertina, bones and banjo.

Their dress was remarkable though strange it may sound,
Like swells out of luck, and some like a clown ;
One was in rags as if he had been in a gale,
Another had a wig, also a pig tail.

Most faces were blacked which made them look bigger,
And fine imitations they were of the nigger ;
A cap and a bonnet too some one was wearing,
A dress for the same these tars they kept tearing.

One had a black face, and a black surtout coat,
And a pair of tin spectacles, he was taking down notes ;
White pants and kid gloves, a red waistcoat for a lark,
These copper punt swells made everyone laugh.

Down the back of one man a barracouta was hanging,
And to keep them all lively a banjo was banging ;
Sandals and trunks were there to be seen,
And many strange dresses—even down to a marine.

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Now the race it was started, each one had his fun,
For the sport of the day with this race then begun;
For music with bones on the ears they were telling,
While cheer after cheer through the air was swelling.

All eyes on the punts for a time were directed,
These men to look serious it can't be expected,
Some acting niggers, and some making faces,
While boats they were trying to keep in their places.

Concertinas were playing, and banjos were ringing,
All men in the punts were laughing and singing,
And clapping of hands to see all this spree,
They joined in the fun when the punts they could see.

The Liffey was first, her antics were grand, [stand.
But the best was to come when they reached the grand
As they neared to the point where they had to come in,
Some fell in the water for a lark—and a swim.

While hundreds were crowding the beach, there's no doubt,
To welcome the punts as the men all got out;
The Liffey was first that came upon land,—
More sport was in store when at the grand stand.

The Endymion was next,—to see their attire
Would remind you of King Dick, he once was our sire;
The Scylla was next, she seemed very bold,
All cracking their sides as the men they behold.

Now when all had landed, by this you will see,
All made for the stand to finish their spree;
The prizes awarded to the men of each boat,
By men of Tasmania, no doubt of great note.

When thanks was returned by a man of the punts,
His speech was remarkable, but he was no dunce;
Now they danced with good humour, and sang a good song,
For they saw the esteem of the people they had won.

When all of a sudden from here they did start,
For they saw through the crowd a fine horse and cart;
Now nothing amiss, and cheer after cheer,
For the cart it was welcome, it was bringing them beer.

Yes, a barrel quite full,—there was no time for joking,
The men they were tired, and with water were soaking;
One mounted the barrel, and soon overhauled,
When the men of the punts he very soon called

For glasses and pots, if them they ha'd got,
To drink from the barrel, if they liked from the tap;
But all was soon over, each one had his fill,
A hornpipe was called for to please them all still.

A ring was then formed by the men of the punts,
And a man of the Phoebe was dancing at once,
And as they went round each one took his place,
Till sixty were dancing at once face to face.

Now scrambling and laughter was the order of the day,
For drink of all sorts they had nothing to pay,
To cheer up the punts the spree to keep up,
For when they were tired each one took a sup.

While music was playing on bones and banjo,
Their time had expired, to their ships they must go;
While men of all grades you could see far and near,
Making for the beach to give them a cheer.

Now music and gear were left on the ground,
Some made for the fleet, and some for the town;
But the frolic and fun these punts had there made,
Put all the other races quite into the shade.

The ninth being for cutters, they had a good start,
And the Phoebe again from them soon did part,
She took the first prize, the next was the Liffey;
The Liverpool was third, she came in in a jiffy.

The tenth was for pinnaces; the first was the Liffey,
And cheered by all hands also from the jetty;
The next was the Scylla, her crew where fine men,
And the Phoebe was third, in this boat race again.

The twelfth were all cutters, in this trial of speed
The Scylla was first, they'd good boats indeed;
The Liverpool was second, she seemed to ride well,
And the Liffey was third, which everyone could tell.

The thirteenth, for dingies, all boys and no men;
The Phoebe was first—got her name up again;
And then came the Scylla—it was not quite so rough;
The Liverpool close after—these boys are good stuff.

The fourteenth, now for galleys, the Scylla you will find
Soon went ahead, for the rest were behind;
The Liffey was next,—she pulled with great taste;
And the Liverpool was third—she had no time to waste.

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- The fifteenth for gigs, some taking it cool,
But the first that came in was our flagship Liverpool ;
The next was the Phœbe—she had done her best !
Then came the Liffey, who hails from the west.

Sixteenth, jolly boats,—they had not much to do,
For when the boats started they mustered but two ;
But the Liffey was swiftest—her crew seemed not tired ;
She beat the Endymion when the gun it was fired.

Now the races are over, you all will agree
The most prizes were taken by Lady Phœbe ;
By the rules of the regatta, in print it was said,
The winner of most prizes a silver cup they would have.

Now the fleet joined in chorus, "Three cheers for this
place,"

And long will their memory look back on each race ;
To the Governor and his lady, and men of all ranks,
The squadron sincerely return them their thanks.

Next morning being Saturday, clearing ship in the fleet,
With the stuff they had drank made many a one sleep ;
When home at our ease the past we shall trace,
And think of Tasmania and the copper punt race.

On the eighth our visitors again had a treat,
To board all the ships this day in the fleet ;
While officers and men they went upon shore
For a friendly evening with the people once more.

In the evening a match of cricket was played
Between two elevens—they were of all grades ;
The Liverpool played well, and was easily a winner ;
So a toast to all hands was drank at their dinner.

Private parties and balls again on this night,
To the most for the fleet each one seemed to fight ;
The kindness our visitors in the fleet they had met
Left a train of remembrance they would never forget.

But Lady Ducane for a time had contrived
To keep the officers of the squadron in her garden alive ;
Invitations out of number to each ship she had sent,
To surround them with pleasure this lady was bent.

The nobility of the town, she invited them there
To mix with the officers—this was nothing but fair ;
And nothing this lady for the fleet left undone :
For her kindness and attention our esteem she has won.

I saw her on board, when she spoke of "My Log;"
A message sometimes we have from Great God;
His mercies are many, He knows all our ways,
And sends us assistance in our troubled days.

We hear and we learn many things not amiss,
But cheer us in trouble, you will see just by this;
For the colony at large, as if with one breath,
Wish health for this lady may last until death.

The ninth, it being Sunday, all sports at once end;
Still ships they were crowded with visitors and friends,
To spend all the time they could with the fleet,
As death might step in before again they might meet.

It is strange in this world, as we travel about,
What strangers we meet and friends we find out,
And wish that our stay on their island was longer:
They would make us all happy, and keep us from hunger.

Divine service in the morning we all had afloat,
And many came off in their own little boats;
No sleeping with them, or even a nod,—
All listening attentively to our minister of God.

The Barrosa was favoured with a messenger of peace,
In this world of contention religion to increase;
He was an archdeacon, and spoke of the praise
We owed the Almighty in these wicked days.

We left on the tenth—this was quite handy—
To give a treat to the Governor, his lady, and family,
For a cruise with the Squadron in the Liverpool for pleasure,
Up the waters of Derwent this day at their leisure.

We had little wind, so we were beating about
Up the river all day, till near "Pot Lighthouse";
But the Liffey and Scylla, they soon fouled each other,
And the damage they did caused a great deal of bother.

The Liffey's flying jib and flying jibboom
Carried away in this fouling, before it was noon;
Her head gear was hanging, she look'd like a wreck,
While the fleet they were moving, and all on the tack.

The Southern Cross—all this day she was steaming
All round the fleet—but she had a good meaning,
To take the Governor back to his home in the evening,
After shewing his respects to the fleet was her meaning.

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They took their departure, we bade them adieu,
And many sad hearts were there we all knew ;
For hospitality and kindness to us when ashore
Will be remembered by all when our cruise is quite o'er.

Now farewell, Tasmania ; as we leave your deep waters,
You have won our esteem, more so your sweet daughters ;
You have a good Governor, all things introducing
For the Colony of Tasmania to be self-producing.

In the middle watch of the eleventh the Phœbe, you find,
Her main and fore topsail were carried away at one time ;
And a man of the Liffey he soon lost his breath,
As he fell from aloft, and came down on the deck.

He fell on two men,—what a terrible shock !
For a time both these men no strength had they got ;
But the man he soon died, his labours then ceased,
As he left the Flying Squadron with death to make peace.

As we travel about many lessons we learn,
We are soon made so humble,—our life's not our own ;
While men of all ages walk about on the deck,
Neglecting their duty to God, to meet death.

At the voice of the service you would soon be dumbfounded,
For the men of the navy are seldom surrounded
With their fathers and mothers, their sisters or brothers,
To teach them the duty they owe to each other.

Good-natured and kind they are, we all know ;
What soon checks swearing in this I will shew ;
When ships are in harbour and visitors we see,
All is harmony and friendship where'er you may be.

Their swearing and bustle they then soon forget ;
For good women amongst men all swearing soon checks ;
And as they go round to inspect things in the ship,
Not a word of ill-fame will pass any lip.

When at home with relations we follow their ways,
And go to some place where God is there praised,
Accompanied at times by a sister or friend ;
This is a good example for us in the end.

But in ships when at sea we are all men and boys,
At the swearing we hear you would not be surprised ;
For bustle and confusion they are a distemper
Which put men and boys sometimes out of temper.

And then men of the navy at home stay so little,
For the cursing they hear they care not a little ;
For twenty long years some men they will steer
Around the globe, but at home they are not many years.

Being at sea from their youth they are then getting old,
They know very little about the cares of this world ;
There are a few exceptions not up to the letter,
But the navy at large they could not act better.

The remarks I have passed are for people at home,
Who speak lightly of men when from home they do roam ;
But let them remember on us they depend,
To protect them in danger, their homes to defend.

Thirteenth had a death by a fall, you will see ;
In the Liffey this day all ships were running free ;
The fourteenth this body was cast into the deep
As food for sea monsters as onwards we creep.

While his soul before God with him must appear,
And account for all things he has neglected here :
A funeral at sea is very solemn indeed,
No matter what rank we hold or what creed.

A feeling of sorrow is on every man's mind,
No lack of respect amongst them you would find ;
All things they look gloomy, for a time you might trace
Many a sad heart by the look of each face.

To see their late messmate who had taken his last breath,
Lower'd into the sea as he is sleeping in death ;
His manly voice will no more be heard on this cruise,
At the call of grim death we cannot refuse.

Some are dissected to find out their complaint,
No difference this makes whether sinner or saint,
In a hammock he is sewn with a very large shot,
To sink him in water where soon he's forgot.

He is placed on a grating with a union jack,
To find hands for this duty there's never a lack ;
His messmates assemble, but all are not brave,
To carry their late messmate to a watery grave.

When all things are ready each one takes his place,
And the minister walks on at a very slow pace ;
Now all are on the move as careful as adders
While the corpse they are carrying up the after ladder.

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Now all is arranged, each officer takes his place,
In a group men are standing and some face to face,
The Captain and Commander they then lead the way,
Till they arrive with the corpse at the lee gangway.

They make here a stand while the service goes on,
And silence is kept by everyone,
The ship is hove to while this solemn scene
Is brought to an end and the corpse no more seen.

When the minister repeats, "We commit his body to the
deep,"

A feeling of sorrow on all hands will soon creep ;
No prayer from relations to whom he was dear,
Nor even a look from them with a tear.

When the grating is lifted he is dropp'd overboard,
When a tear of respect for him we afford ;
We all hear the splash as he drops in his grave,
Which is dug by a shot and not with a spade.

His labours are over, may he soon be at rest,
With the last rites of death we have all done our best,
As his spirit took leave of this world of cares,
To sleep long in Jesus may this be his share.

Now the bugle is sounded for us to break off,
Some men with low spirits as they go aloft ;
But the thoughts of the future so fill up the mind,
That the scene they have witnessed they forget for a time.

The fifteenth was moderate, all going at our ease,
But a change we soon had in a very strong breeze ;
The Phœbe's main-top-gallant mast in this was soon
started,

And top-mast stunsail-boom from her soon was parted.

The Liverpool had trials, the sixteenth they begun,
In a breeze rather early her main-top-mast soon sprung ;
But soon she was righted, like a cock on a hill,
She cared not for this but was leading us still.

Now the seventeenth was service as everyone knows,
The Army and Navy fire ball without blows ;
To be well up in tactics was our Admiral's will,
So he spent a little time at ball practice and drill.

The eighteenth, near Lyttleton we all did arrive,
Though late in the evening all things seemed alive :
We let go our anchors, the lighthouse in sight,
And lay near the harbour at peace all the night.

The nineteenth, very early,—this was a fine morning,
We were surrounded by our mates who gave us no warning,
To be sharp upon deck our hammocks to stow,
Into the harbour of Lyttleton we all had to go.

This morning our anchor-men at work they were at,
Some on the cable to hook on the cat :
But the cable it slipp'd, and soon she ran out,
We had to let go another anchor, which put us about.

At the time this occurred, two men they were sitting
On the anchor, the cat to hook on they were itching ;
They fell in the water, for them 'twas no joke,
But both they were saved without the help of a boat.

This accident was serious, it could not look grand,
For two of the men were hurt in the hand ;
But the capstan was mann'd, and all worked with a will :
This morning of work we all had our fill.

We came into harbour quite early I'm sure,
And the air from the island seemed fresh and quite pure
When we came near the anchorage where we had to be,
The town they call Lyttleton no one then could see.

This is a small place, just inside the harbour,
Her inhabitants are few, but they use no palaver :
It seems to be thriving, all are on the alert,
With taxes and hunger I think they're not hurt.

To judge by appearance they seem to ride smooth,
And a railway they have got, this town will improve :
It runs through a tunnel without any lurch,
Then into the country as far as Christchurch.

There are seventy-five thousand or more living there :
Special leave for the fleet they had a free fare,
To visit Christchurch while here at their leisure,
To spend a few hours with these people for pleasure.

It is a fine place, and has many fine walks,
To breathe the fresh air where lovers can talk ;
And places out of number for the size of the town,
Amusements for pastime here are to be found.

Society of all sorts they came down by train,
To visit the fleet information to gain
About the cruise of the fleet, and where we had been,
Since first we left England and the ports we had seen.

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We found them good natured, we could not say nay,
If we called for refreshment we had nothing to pay ;
Their manner was homely, without any pride,
And made us all welcome in friendship beside.

The twentieth, the steamers around us did rally,
And just for a time for inspection they'd tarry ;
The waters where crowded with steamers and boats,
And men of all grades were there taking notes.

Twenty-first, the fleet were open all day,
And people of all ages a visit did pay ;
Now to speak of Old England they all had a chance :
To amuse one another at night with a dance.

Twenty-second, we sailed about five in the evening,
But what was to happen no one thought of dreaming ;
We had a fresh breeze : this favoured the fleet,
But the Liverpool soon lost her mainroyal sheet.

The Liffey she suffered when rolling a bit,
For her topgallant sheet was very soon split,
And her fore topgallant stunsail was torn,
But all was soon righted as well as before.

The Phœbe, Flying Squadron without any wings,
Her maintopgallant-yard broke in the slings,
And our main brace it broke in twain in a trice ;
So the order was given the main brace to splice.

Twenty-third, it was Sunday ; still we used holy-stone
To our upper deck, and at prayers did atone ;
All ships they looked clean, each had done their mite,
But we had a foul wind before it was night.

The evening of the twenty-fourth, into Wellington we came,
And anchored in low water—some shifted again ;
Early the Liverpool's maintopgallant sheet rent :
This morning the Liffey's jib split, and soon went.

But these are but trifles among seafaring men,
All go to their work, and soon right them again ;
For duty and discipline we obey at a call,
And this night for the officers there was a grand ball.

This morning the Barrosa very early came in,
And to make good repairs they all did begin ;
Twenty days from the fleet this ship had been parted,
And experienced bad weather from the first day she started.

She steamed all the way from Melbourne, you find,
To pick up deserters we had left behind ;
It took her four days to reach this fine place,
And four days she stopp'd there, these men to trace.

But when she came back she only brought four,
But the number we lost was one hundred and more ;
From Melbourne to Wellington it took her twelve days :
She steamed out of harbour, then sailed all the ways.

Heavy weather and rolling she had in a measure,
While the fleet for a time were ashore for their pleasure ;
She has lost many things, for her passage was rough,
Still she is a fine vessel, and made of good stuff.

Now we will speak of the regatta we had on this day ;
This was sport for us all, I'm sure you will say,
Got up by the Governor and the people of the town,
To shew their respect to the fleet and the crown.

As we travel up hill against the cares of this life,
We meet many changes, with some we delight ;
When struggling for victory in some contest of note,
With men upon shore, or with sailors afloat.

A change we have made, to us it's not odd,
For we have made many changes in this Flying Squad,
And the navy at large our cruise they are tracing ;
If a crew we should meet, they will speak about racing.

Now the Challenger we met in Wellington fine harbour ;
They thought they could shave us as clean as a barber ;
With the Commodore's barge she had challenged all the
fleet

To pull any boat anywhere on the deep.

She has been on this station a long time, you all know,
And has won many races, her ship's log will show ;
Another one she won, January the twenty-fifth,
But Miss Phoebe, you see, was not far adrift.

This was a scratch race for all boats of the fleet,
But very few thought her match she would meet ;
Twelve oars she was pulling, while the rest had but ten,
By thirty-one seconds she was the winner again.

This was a hard struggle, she had nothing to waste,
As some thought the Phoebe would soon take her place ;
She is a fine boat with two extra oars,
She had won all the races she pulled in before.

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Now the men of our navy they disregard puff,
Though roving about they're made of good stuff,
And never let slip a chance, you will see,
To accept every challenge, where'er they may be.

We lost the first prize, it can't be denied,
But with a good second we are gratified;
So we challenged them next day, if ten oars they'd take,
To race them again, and double the stake.

They took up the challenge, and all was arranged
To shew them our pulling next day for a change;
All ships in the harbour where anxious to find
If the cock of the squadron they should leave behind.

The race it was started, we soon went ahead,
And kept it throughout, by all it was said;
When we rounded the point, every one they could see,
The winner of this race the Phoebe would be.

All the riggings were crowded, and visitors on deck
Were anxious the Phoebe the prize she would get;
She seemed to ride smoothly, as light as a linnet,
And came in a winner thirty-two seconds of a minute.

Now let us return to the challenger with praise,
She has carried her own sway for many long days;
The squadron two thousand, they are more in number,
And a cock in the squadron to them is no lumber.

We leave them to-morrow, by some we are told,
Still the cock of the squadron no doubt they will hold;
We wish them all well, may they soon return home
To their wives and their families, never more for to roam.

Now all hands they were clapping, and seemed in great
glee,

For the cock in the squadron again would soon be;
Both boats they were pulling, by visitors admired,
But the Phoebe was first, as the gun it was fired.

Now all have a station in this life to fulfil,
For a pension each man must do at his will;
Still I hope all our friends in the colony won't tarry,
But remember the boats in the fleet we do carry.

These two racing boats in Sidney were made,
And we hope the contractor for them was well paid;
And may he live long and prosper through life,
For his boats they are good, in them we delight.

The fleet, you will see, had something to tell,
A cup they have got in the Liverpool as well;
For yesterday a scratch race for all sailing boats,
Was won by the flagship, which takes all our notes.

Boat racing and cricketing we have all had our share,
Long trips now at sea will be our next fare;
With all sorts of people we've had to intermix,
But respected by all are our flying six.

The government of New Zealand at Wellington assemble,
A small town in Old England this place it resembles;
Gold diggings and war with the Maories they tustle,
Which keep them alive, and all in a bustle.

There is room for improvement, no doubt, in this place,
But the government of New Zealand have nothing to waste,
For expenses are heavy with men in the field
To contend against Maories with powder and steel.

The people of Wellington were proud of our fleet,
As we came into harbour with a cheer did us greet;
The places of pleasure were open all day,
And to visit the same there was nothing to pay.

Pic-nic and cricket for us they supplied,
With all their arrangements we were satisfied;
A shooting match also we had on their ground
Between ten of the Liffey's men and ten of the town.

Twenty-sixth this came off, and was much admired;
But Wellington was victorious when all they had fired.
Now all sports they are over, we must bid them adieu,
For we sail in the morning for Auckland, 'tis true.

The twenty-seventh the Barrosa and Scylla sailed out,
But the rest got up steam for one hour, there's no doubt;
But the Phœbe's screw-propeller gave way in our starting;
While repairing the same, from the fleet we were parting.

When this was all over, we took up our place.
And gladness was beaming in everyone's face;
But the breeze was increasing—we signalled with flags—
When our fore and fore topsail were rent into rags.

This scene of destruction, I here must declare,
To look up aloft it looked like a rag fair;
For all was in ribbons—what a horrible plight!
The Phœbe, you'd think, had seen a sham fight.

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But Lady Barrosa's mizen-top-gallant stay
And parril carried away—she could not say nay;
Another young lady of this flying school
Lost her mizen-topsail sheet—this was the Liverpool.

Now all these young ladies, with friends they had parted
For Auckland from Wellington, from which they had
started;

But the wind and the weather was not at their will,
Still they met with mishaps when they were at drill.

There troops are so few, and work is so heavy,
For men of all grades enrol as a levy;
But their chiefs and their followers are on the decrease;
By the time we reach England may they have peace.

In the midst of contention we all require mirth—
Whether natives or strangers—all men upon earth
Have moments of thought; all strife they defy
When pleasure and enjoyment their minds do employ.

With the cares of this life we all are surrounded,
But the deeds of the Maories have made us dumb-founded;
As settlers are working with their sons and their daughters,
Their homes are destroyed, and all of them slaughtered.

Some men have strange notions as onward we roam,
And say the fault is the missionaries—why not stay at home?
They forget that all nations, in days that are past,
Were as wild as the Maories, and as heathens were classed.

But God in his mercy has ordained for the best,
To civilize all, from the east to the west;
And missionaries He sends to all heathens to preach
Christianity, and labour these heathens to teach.

If all were so selfish at home to remain,
Civilization these heathens never would gain;
And like beasts of the field they would run about wild,
Neglecting their duty to God and their soil.

Our country is foremost in civilization;
In duty we are bound to have no hesitation
To give them our aid, and never sit idle,
But teach them the wisdom there is in the Bible.

Now every one knows great pains have been taken
With the natives of New Zealand, their ideas to awaken;
Of pains and expenses they've had their share,
Still murder and sin they commit in warfare.

We passed Port Sallius, when we were going on,
All ships they were busy, you could see everyone,
At drill and sail shifting they all had their share
As the breeze it increased, and our sails it did tear.

The Phoebe again much trouble did give,
In the morning of the twenty-eighth she soon lost her jib,
Her fore-top-mast stunsail, we had no time to wait,
We were busy all day on this twenty-eighth.

The twenty-ninth the Liverpool, her time had not past,
This morning she lost her fore-top-gallant mast ;
Her mizen-top-gallant, and fore-top-sail sheet,
Our gallant flag ship these troubles did meet.

The Endymion's fore-top-sail sheet went at the same time,
But she took it quite easy, and never lagg'd behind ;
Her royal-yard it came down as straight as a nail,
And ran through the middle her fore-top mainsail

The mizen-top-sail sheet of the Phoebe in this breeze,
Carried away and repaired by the men at their ease ;
So you see we all suffer, more or less in bad weather,
But in the midst of all this we keep well together.

The thirtieth being Sunday, church service all had,
The Phoebe in the evening to be washing looked bad ;
Had prayers in the evening, to keep this day holy,
Then the pipe went for washing, some went to it boldly.

The thirty-first a slight breeze, and smooth were the waters,
At a quarter to twelve at night general quarters :
And men had turned in, this night rather tired,
When the fleet were all roused two rounds each to fire.

February the first, almost in a calm,
All ships they lay too, for a time without harm,—
And a boat from the Phoebe now soon it was lowered
With letters for the Admiral, they took them on board.

On the second, the Liverpool, she had no delay,
Till her weather main-royal sheet was carried away ;
Then Auckland we sighted, and came in at our ease,
With this piece of luck, all seemed to be pleased.

Two steamers came out to welcome us in,
Rejoicing on shore now soon did begin :
Single line we came in, and their regatta we passed,
And let go our anchors about three or half-past.

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The third, all the fleet man and armed boats,
Had plenty of room, no crossing of moats ;
They formed line ahead, and then line abreast,
To please all spectators each one did his best.

They soon opened fire, and were lost in the smoke,
And our friendly Maories, they thought this no joke ;
Up masts, and made sail, up and down for one hour,
To shew the spectators our strength and our power.

Let us hope that the Maroies a lesson will take,
Now that they see that our power above them is great ;
And try to live happy, and let us have peace,
Then prosperity in New Zealand it would soon increase.

They have got some good soil, and gold diggings of late,
There's a good time a coming for them if they wait ;
If they cast away strife and study, and labour,
Then the produce of the colony would soon them all favour.

Of bloodshed and murder, we've had quite enough,
To think of outwitting us they know it's all stuff ;
Such foolish ideas they cause such a bubble,
Bring ruin and death, and give us much trouble.

Special and privilege leave the fleet now all had,
For a run upon shore each one he was glad ;
A friendly party for officers at the Governor's this night,
To speak well of this Governor, it is nothing but right.

Invitations out of number they had at each place,
At balls and amusements, but nothing disgraced ;
For the public spoke highly of officers and men,
And gave them encouragement to come out again.

The fourth rattling down a few had to do,
To make us all snug and safe for the crew ;
From here to Japan where the fleet had to go,
It will be a long trip and dangerous also.

A ball at the Governors on a scale very grand,
Colonel Elliot of the eighteenth was there with his band :
His Excellency and Miss Vogle they led off this ball,
Their dancing for a time was admired by them all.

Provision ship on the fifth, while some went on shore
To see the gold diggings they had heard of before ;
All places of note they saw on this day,
And for travelling expenses they had nothing to pay.

Theatres and dancing there was without end,
And some had a glass with a stranger and friend ;
For such we must call them when civility we receive,
And speak well of these strangers when here all leave.

But the people of Auckland they seem rather poor,
And at times there's no work to keep hunger from the door ;
Through war and stagnation of trade in this place,
You can meet some in sadness, but not in disgrace.

They all try to live, and money to save,
And act as volunteers ; in the field they are brave.
For men in good business there are in this place,
Take their turn in the field the Maories to face.

Some men in Old England whose notions are great,
To make money out here, let them emigrate ;
But let them remember, they must work and bear arms,
To travel in safety against wars and alarms.

The sixth it was Sunday, had service and prayers,
To speak of God's goodness, temptations, and snares ;
This day it passed smoothly ; we had nothing to do,
And visitors from shore there were but a few.

The seventh, Provisional Council, Governor, and suite,
Paid a visit to the Liverpool, so they fired a salute ;
All yards they were manned : no doubt this looked grand,
While boats from the Barrosa went on shore to get sand.

But some when they landed from the boat soon they
parted,

Made off for the country : to the diggings they started,
Marines and blue jackets, about ten then in number,
Ran away from these boats, at this we don't wonder.

For men in the navy they see many a change,
And when they are in trouble, with some one arrange
To assist them in private, as if it was fun,
But the very first chance, these men will soon run.

The ship and the officers at the time they may like,
And at the times in the service they take a delight ;
But minds they are fickle, strange faces they see :
Our minds we find changeable on land and on sea.

February the eighth, provisioned ship and out boats :
We took in live stock, but very few goats ;
And visitors on board to bid us adieu,
To get them all clear we had plenty to do.

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How strange are these meetings, by chance we all find,
And to men of good reason it upsets their mind ;
For friends and relations at home we have got,
But to meet with true friendship abroad is our lot.

More pleasures this day—a ball for the last,
And visitors on board are rather downcast ;
They will think and still speak with pleasure of the fleet,
About the past and the present when friends they may
meet.

For many in the colony have left friends behind
In England, to return when resources they can find ;
Among the Flying Squadron from some one they hear
Of relations and friends, who are still to them dear.

Our visitors in the Liverpool met with a treat,
As crockery and silver were dropped in the deep ;
Some men they went diving, this loss to regain,
With all apparatus, but 'twas labour in vain.

Eleven of Auckland and eleven of the fleet,
A cricket match played ; but Auckland soon beat
By fifty-one runs and one innings to spare,—
To play them again our men don't much care.

A moonlight flit with our second cutter,
Eleven men ran without bread or butter ;
They heard of the diggings, and formed an idea,
If once they could land, from the fleet they'd run clear.

Made for the lower boom, then down Jacob's ladder,
Then into the cutter they darted like adders ;
For time it was precious, as each drew his breath
To get clear of the fleet, it was then life or death.

One jumped from the middle of the boom to the boat,
To prevent a quick capture they'd taken note ;
For the fall of the first cutter they'd made it fast,
When splash went their oars in the water at last.

Now the alarm it was given, and all hands came on deck,
And men that had turned in, now out they did get ;
Our nettings were crowded, all anxious to see
What men and what boats were trying to get free.

When starting the painter they soon cast adrift,
And some without shoes,—but all made a shift ;
When clear of our side they gave us a cheer,
In hopes to get free from the service for years.

We hailed from the ship, but all to no use,
For their boat it was riding as light as a goose :
Some shots they were fired to stop their desertion,
But to return to the ship these men had no notion.

As the shots they were fired they took it quite cool,
And answered, No, No, as they passed the Liverpool ;
They gave them a cheer to stop all suspicion,
And made for the pier to change their condition.

A sentinel of the Liverpool was taken by surprise,
As the shots wizzed by him, they made a great noise :
Now the boat they had passed, and ceased had the fire,
Still for safety at once the sentinel did retire.

They landed in safety, and bid adieu to the deep,
Unnoticed by all till in upper Queen Street ;
No more we could learn of these dissatisfied men,
It will be a long time before we see them again.

All hands were piped down, when these men were missed,
And piped up again for the open list ;
As we went round the capstan you might hear a pin fall,
Our Commander on the bridge, as the names he did call.

Money in the bank, and in the paymaster's hands,
These men they have left to travel the sands,
In a colony at war, and all things unsettled,
Where hunger at times is as sharp as a nettle.

I hope all my readers will bear this in mind,
We are better without them in the end they will find ;
For men when dissatisfied with the service or ship,
Give trouble to all at times by their lip.

Then again let them think of all the temptations,
There are for some men who have few relations ;
Gold diggings, and wood cutting, and clearing of land,
Without long experience to them it looks grand.

The ninth, very early a boat-race was fixed [six.
Between the Liverpool and Endymion—to come off about
This was a fine race, deny this who durst.
And victory had the Liverpool, as we saw she was first.

Farewell to these colonies, and peace to all men,
Many changes will occur before we see them again ; [God,
May Australia and New Zealand, through the mercies of
Have peace and prosperity, but no Flying Squad.

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PART III.

To commence my third part : I here wish to mention
To bring out a fourth it is my intention ;
And I hope all these facts will meet approbation
As I note what occurs for the fleet's information.

February the ninth, the time was now near
For the fleet to leave Auckland, Japan thence to steer ;
The passage was narrow, a head wind, which was light,
But we managed to get out all safe before night.

The Scylla and Liffey, about three they sailed out,
A head wind was blowing, so they had tacking about ;
The rest got up steam to get under weigh,
But no accident occurred to the fleet on this day.

This morning the Scylla's excitement began,
Their last boat ashore, some men from her ran ;
As we came out of harbour, all in single line,
The Royal Alfred and Edinburgh were steaming behind.

To accompany us out, with visitors on board,
A holiday and pleasure they then could afford ;
When the flagship weighed anchor she was much admired,
A salute from the battery their volunteers fired.

Thirty-one in round numbers they fired when we started,
And cheered us from shore as from them we parted ;
Eleven for the Admiral and twenty for the fleet,
And wished us success as we rode on the deep.

Before closing our parting, I wish here to say,
Amusements for officers they provided each day ;
As Jack is not china, but the roughest of delf,
If he wanted amusements he had to provide for himself.

All other places we had been to, it is true,
Looked out for plain Jack, and the officers too ;
Still they have our best wishes, wherever we go :
May the war in New Zealand soon receive its last blow.

The tenth, a head wind, and all on our way
Inspection of bedding we had on this day ;
For the pride of the fleet is cleanliness with all :
To keep away sickness we adhere to this call.

Round the capstan we went; some men they were missed
As we answered our names in the open list!
The men their slop tickets had as they passed round,
To shew them the money they would have when paid down.

At night we had washing: with this we were glad,
For men to be comfortable requires a clean bag;
Some time it will be before the fleet see Japan,
To send washing on shore, and pay if we can.

On the eleventh the breeze was not what we like,
And five of our ships were then all in sight;
The Scylla was missing, so we gave her a chase:
We very soon found her—she then took her place.

The twelfth, nothing better—the breeze rather strong,
And judgment required as it drove us along;
The Scylla's maintopgallant sheet carried away,
Then fine weather we had for the rest of the day.

The thirteenth, a fair wind about nine in the morning,
Going six knots an hour; we shall soon want our awning,
For the weather gets warmer as we draw near the line;
Church service we had, which we can't leave behind.

Fourteenth, a fair wind, still nearly a calm,
And nothing occurred the fleet to alarm;
The weather gets warmer by several degrees,
When lying in smooth water without any breeze.

This morning the Barrosa's inspection came off,
All things were examined, on deck and aloft;
She was in good order. This ship and each man
Will leave the Flying Squadron when they get to Japan.

The fifteenth near a calm, of air not a breath,
When a man from the Liffey near met with his death;
He was in the fore royal at work without any fears,
As if life was ensured to him for yet many years.

He fell from the yard, broke his fall by the chains,
Then into the water he went for a change;
Though slightly hurt he managed to float,
And was rescued from death by the help of a boat.

About the same time a debt it was paid
By a man who had died,—had the sea for his grave.
A lesson for all hands in the Liverpool, you see;
This debt we must pay, where'er we may be.

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How strange in this world, where God's will is known,
And we know that our lives we can't call our own ;
That man acts not wisely, nor choose for the best,
Still we hope our late messmate in the deep is at rest.

The sixteenth, no wind, at night we had rain,
Then the breeze sprang up rather favourable again ;
General quarters, ball practice, to us are but trifles,
We expended our shot with big guns and rifles.

Fire quarters we had in the evening for practice,
Then manned and armed boats through the fleet for our
Our Admiral inspected the Liffey at ease, [tactics,
With her cleanliness and drill he seemed rather pleased.

The seventeenth, a fresh breeze, but not much in our favour,
For we like to be moving, whether landsman or sailor ;
We passed Sunday Island, as the breeze did increase,
About five hundred miles from Auckland, North East.

Our ship was paid down on this noted day,
And many small debts some men had to pay ;
For sardines and borrowed money, and all sorts of jam,
As we purchase such things whenever we can.

For our rations are salted most times, you all know,
So we require such things where'er we may go ;
But some men they are careful and ready to pay,
And look out in time to make a pay day.

But now we are at sea our money's no use,
We can't run on shore our leave to abuse ;
Some go to the bank, to draw and put in,
To make up a pay day some men now begin.

Our money no doubt would have been paid us before,
But men they kept running when trusted on shore ;
In Australia and New Zealand there is such a demand,
For men who can work, and willing to bear arms.

Like the children of Israel, we are travelling about,
And our Admiral like Moses is on the look out ;
To be sparing with men, provisions and coal,
To bring us safe home by our time we are told.

A responsibility each one he has in his station,
A routine for all this requires judgment and patience ;
Navigation and drill we require in the fleet,
For many disasters we might meet on the deep.

A fresh breeze on the eighteenth, but not very strong,
About five knots an hour it was driving us on ;
When a man from the Endymion, he fell overboard,
And was seen by the hands, so they soon a boat lowered.

They threw out the life-buoy, which he caught very soon—
Too highly to speak of their boat there's no room—
They brought him on board, where he soon was all right
To perform all his duties before it was night.

This shews us again how uncertain is life :
In health we are in danger by day and at night ;
But the mercy of God sometimes intervenes,
And spares us from death in the midst of such scenes.

This morning all ships sailed on in single line,
Our passage was narrow by the chart we could find ;
Kermadic Islands were somewhere about,
But we went through them safely, about twenty-nine south.

The nineteenth, little wind we had all the day,
Almost in a calm all day did we lay,
The heat was intense, we were wet through with sweat,
While cleaning the ship and holy-stoning the deck.

The twentieth, a light breeze, it seemed like a calm,
Being Sunday, at church service we sang a sweet psalm ;
All things are kept orderly with our Flying Squad.
It is a pleasure to listen to a message from God.

A pleasure, above all things, this is to some men,
To visit a chapel—a church it is then—
He can walk with his wife and family with ease,
Where the cares of this life he then can appease.

This night I was struck with a scene between decks,
After being at church service, and hearing the text ;
We have thirty-six messes—in the ship all have slops,
But twenty-nine messes were making clothes-stops.

This shews you how anxious men are to obey
All orders they get, whether by night or by day ;
For we then had the order three dozen to have made ;
With the same every man some day would parade.

The twenty-first, a fine morning, more work and less antics,
Some men of each watch were washing their blankets ;
Scrub hammocks and washing, and work the same time
To keep ourselves clean—we can't leave this behind.

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The twenty-second a light breeze, a dull morning again,
But we had an improvement just after the rain ;
While men upon deck with rain and sweat drenching—
Our engineers and stokers at this time were condensing.

The twenty-third, a fresh breeze, a beautiful morning,
The heat was so great that we needed our awning ;
And in the evening a change—the past is now gone—
A fair wind and eight knots are driving us on.

The twenty-fourth, a fresh morning, a fair wind we had got,
And the speed we were running they say was eight knots,
While the heat in the shade stood at eighty-three ;
All men felt its power by their looks you could see.

Twenty-two fifteen was our latitude,
One seventy-seven was our longitude ;
While the Barrosa and Scylla sailed in open order
From the rest of the fleet to find broken water.

This was sighted before it was night,
Then we formed single line until the daylight.
To prevent any running on a reef or a rock,
A good Navigator in the Liverpool they've got.

To our sorrow, this day a funeral took place
On board the Endymion. Death bids us not waste
Our time with amusements we have upon earth ;
For a debt we all owe to grim death from our birth.

But careless we are as time passes on,
And we pay this last debt as we die one by one ;
If memory looked back on the past it would shew
What a number are sleeping in death we once knew.

The young and the old are equal alike :
The rich and the poor must all pay their mite.
But the corpse we had buried now rests in the deep ;
May his spirit rest in heaven while his friends for him weep.

The Liverpool's weather main-royal sheet carried away,
And the Phœbe's spanker-out all started the same day ;
The Barrosa's weather fore-top gallant-sheet went as well,
When death or an accident is to come we can't tell.

The twenty-fifth a light wind—but it had not much power,
Our speed at the time was six knots an hour ; [smooth,
With this breeze it seemed pleasant, we were running so
With ease and contentment we keep on the move.

In the evening evolutions we had without fail,
Starboard stunsails we set, and then made plain sail ;
All the fleet at evolutions have had many lessons,
This work was done in two minutes and forty seconds.

Now cautious again by this you will find,
From dark till daylight we formed single line,
Which keeps us from danger as we ride on the deep,
While the watch that's below are taking their sleep.

The twenty-sixth a good breeze—considering all things—
Our feathers are few, but we all carry our wings ;
We are called the Flying Squadron, but we can't ascend
high.

Only when on a wave then our wings we keep dry.

We are going six knots, our officers say,
And all our fine ladies they have to wear stays ;
To keep all things in order all things we have handy,
And we live on salt rations, and rum, but no brandy.

This Saturday all cleaning to keep the fleet healthy,
All are busy at work, the meanest and wealthy ;
Not a hole or a corner there is to be seen,
But what the Flying Squadron for health has made clean.

The twenty-seventh a slight breeze, four knots we were
going,

But what is to happen, at times there's no knowing :
For God in His mercy saves some when in danger,
His will's for the best, to Him we are no stranger.

He sees and He knows all our actions and ways,
For the mercy He shews us to Him we owe praise ;
For this morning again a lesson we had,
But our ingratitude to Him at times is so sad.

Sixteen three south was our latitude,
And one seventy-seven west was our longitude :
When death he came near us all hands they soon found
A man was overboard, and there nearly drowned.

On one of our ports stood this seaman this morning,
When the chain gave way without giving him warning ;
He was thrown from his work to contend with the seas,
Poor Barlow was cleaning paint-work at his ease.

He was a poor swimmer, and a middle aged man,
But to save one another we do all we can ;
Three men with great courage now jumped overboard,
To save this poor man before a boat could be lowered.

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Our ship was hove to, as our boat rode the deep,
While thoughts of grim death through his mind then did
creep ;

He caught the life-buoy when he seemed to be bad,
Now the boat and three men's assistance he had.

Great credit is due to these men from us all,
For assisting our messmate whose chances were small ;
He was almost exhausted with water and age,
But he had good assistance from these men I'll engage.

They swam round the buoy till the boat did arrive,
To lift him into it they then did contrive ;
This shows you what courage some men have at sea,
They will risk their own lives for another, you see.

We have men of good feeling and courage in our squad,
Such as Lieutenant Henderson, who was prompted by
God

To try to save life when a man's overboard,
He leaps in the water before a boat can be lowered.

Mr. Beresford, midshipman, our esteem he will have ;
For his courage to save life, it shews he is brave :
May he and all others with courage if blest
Be rewarded by the public with a medal for their breast.

Thomas Kelaher, able seaman, is worthy of note ;
To save this poor man he stopped for no boat ;
But into the sea he jumped without thinking,
And made for poor Barlow, to keep him from sinking.

This man—a defaulter he was at the time—
In cases of note our Captain is kind ;
He gave them all credit for risking their lives,
And "Kelaher's" black list he forgave him besides.

The twenty-eighth a fair breeze, and running six knots ;
To meet death in a moment it is sometimes our lot ;
While performing our duty, our thoughts they will roam
To the day we pay off, and relations at home.

But all these bright hopes are thrown in the shade ;
Instead of enjoyment some men meet their grave ;
And the debt universal we all owe to God,
Is paid with short notice in this Flying Squad.

This morning the Barrosa was thrown into grief,
Death paid her a visit—some one to relieve ;
He fell overboard and ceased to take breath,
As food for the deep he is sleeping in death.

A feeling of horror as he fell overboard,
But the ship was hove to and a boat soon was lowered ;
Then fourteen fifty north was our latitude,
And one seventy-seven, forty west was our longitude.

The life-buoy they threw him, but he grappled it not,
So the trials of this life he then soon forgot ;
The boats they were out some distance some while,
To look for this man astern for some miles.

But all to no use, he was gone from their gaze,
To meet with his maker, to account for his ways :
In the midst of good health he was gone in a trice,
And left the Flying Squadron to look upon Christ.

The Liffey hove to, and two boats they put out,
To pick this man up if they could, there's no doubt ;
But the breeze was increasing, he sank very soon,
And seven knots an hour we were running before noon.

Again by this action of the Liffey's you see,
That brotherly love that exists when at sea ;
But to speak of the fleet I can vouch to the letter
The good will that exists—it could not be better.

This morning Horn Island we passed at our ease ;
All ships they were steady in this little breeze ;
To look at the men, you soon could discern
A feeling of sorrow—it might be their next turn.

On the first of March the breeze was still fair ;
We were running six knots, and warm was the air ;
It is very trying, but our health we have still ;
In the evening the fleet they all had sail drill.

The second, a slight breeze we had on this morning,
And four knots were running to meet death without
Eleven twenty-six was our latitude, [warning :
One seventy-eight forty-two was our longitude.

We past the Meridian one eighty then west,
Then came into east,—for us there's no rest ;
General and fire quarters this morning as usual,
The service requires it, so there is no refusal.

About five in the evening we had rain and a squall,
But soon it passed over, and glad were we all ;
Before six o'clock we were taken by surprise :
Some one was overboard, you could tell by the noise.

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Archibald Stark, ordinary seaman, his time was but short,
Fell from the fore chains: he had no time for thought;
He passed by his ship, of his danger then thinking,
When the life buoy was thrown out to keep him from
sinking.

The poor boy, he missed it, but struggled with death,
To hold on to life till he drew his last breath;
Two boats soon were lowered, our ship soon hove too,
To pick up this boy they had plenty to do.

As the boat came near him, his cap they could see,
And fast he was sinking into the deep sea;
Henry Brice, leading seaman, this boy to regain
Leaped out of his boat, and brought him up again.

Animation and speech had left his poor lip,
But soon he was brought again into our ship,
When the doctors and skill, and men not a few,
Left nothing undone to bring this boy too.

Three hours every means to save life was employed,
But the skill of our doctors grim death had defied,
And claims him, this traveller, as he appears before God,
And cuts short his service with this Flying Squad.

May his future be peace, as he stands before God:
His career it was short—to us it's not odd;
But his frame in the deep behind us we leave:
As it goes from our view a sigh some will heave.

He is gone! No headstone will point out the place
Where his frame was laid low—to dust soon will waste;
No tablet or flower for us you will see,
For the deep is our grave, should we die while at sea.

The Barrosa hove too, and a boat she put out
To assist this poor boy, if they could, there's no doubt;
When a gun it was fired to let them all know
That the boy we had got, and onwards could go.

By this time the lightning and thunder commenced,
And the rain it was heavy, and the men they got drenched;
It ceased for a time; still the wind was not bad,
But the thought of this boy made all things look sad.

The third very cloudy, and rain all the day,
To do all our washing, we could not say nay,
For water was plentiful, to time not confined,
All men were wet through, to clear up was no sign.

The last rites for the dead in the evening performed,
To prepare for this scene we all had been warned;
Now his remains in the deep, his soul we hope saved,
No man when at sea is free from this grave.

The fourth, a fine morning, a good breeze was blowing,
And smoothly the fleet through the deep they were going;
Some laughing and joking, they seemed at their ease,
But men will be singing when in a good breeze.

A narrow escape again from the grave,
The Endymion and Phoebe again they were saved,
We were running eight knots, and stiff was the breeze,
While men 'tween decks were sleeping at ease.

Success to the ladies ashore and afloat,
For our flying ladies are worthy of note;
As they visit each other at sea what a lark,
And give us much trouble sometimes after dark.

To keep them from gossiping it is useless to try,
They will take their own way, and our comforts destroy;
Miss Liffey, you see, she wanted to be growling,
So run down on Miss Barrosa, threatened her with a
fouling.

This happened between seven and eight in the night,
Of the fourth of March quite dark and no light;
It was a dead calm, but their bows they kept lifting,
And Miss Liffey by accident on the Barrosa was drifting.

She came that close to her, some seemed quite alarmed,
And all decks they were cleared to keep them from harm.
Captain Gibson alert he saw with a glance
To prevent a collision there still was a chance.

So he hailed the Barrosa, they had two cutters to lower,
And the Liffey same time should put out two more;
No breeze to assist her when danger was near,
So the Liffey was towed from the Barrosa all clear.

What thanks we should give to Almighty God,
For sending such men of skill with this squad;
But let us hope for the future these ladies of wood,
Will keep at a distance,—to be safe they all should.

On the fifth middle watch the Liffey was sailing,
Down on our bows to us she was hailing,
To brace up our yards, while the wind it was howling;
Hard a-port was the Phoebe, to keep them from fouling.

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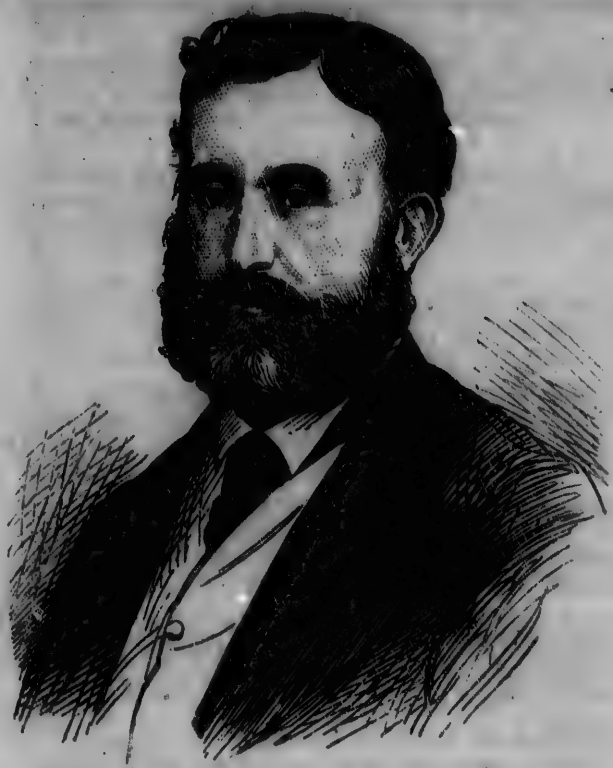
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But a narrower escape we could hardly have had,
To have fouled one another it would have been sad ;
By bracing up yards, and quickness of thought,
Both ships they ran clear, out of danger were brought.

The Endymion saw danger, she cleared her lower deck,
For life was at stake if both ships had met ;
With the wind we were running in a squall and much rain,
While the officers on watch to run clear was their aim.

Just before this occurred we were taken aback,
But to put her to rights there was not any lack ;
To the officers of both ships great credit is due,
For the coolness and skill they then did pursue.

She sheared off so nicely, from death again saved,
For some men made sure to meet a watery grave ;
As misfortunes we meet, and shall while we live,
While trying to run clear, we soon lost our jib.

About seven the same morning fore-topgallant-sheet
Carried away from the Liverpool, but this she must meet ;
In all sorts of weather we have to contend,
And expect to lose life and sails without end.

The sixth, Sunday morning, a slight breeze but uncertain,
For the breeze it will shift while the hands they're working ;
So short and so changeable the winds are out here,
Great care is required, with safety to steer.

It was changeable still on the seventh all the day,
Our fore-topgallant-sheet soon carried away ;
While eight forty-two was our latitude,
And one seventy-six was our longitude.

The eighth, a fine morning, of wind we were short,
But our Admiral in charge he always has thought ;
It's all very well to be saving for Childers,
But he looks to our lives, and not to ship-builders.

For when lying in a calm, and close to the line,
And the heat is intense, and no breeze there we find ;
Provisions get short, and water as well,
And men are fatigued,—by their looks you can tell.

We are behind time, we must pull up if we can,
By the end of this month we might be at Japan ;
For three of the fleet got up steam you will find,
To tow all the rest till a breeze they could find.

The Liverpool towed the Barrosa, the Endymion the Scylla,

And now we made headway across the deep billow ;
The Liffey towed the Phœbe—a fine sight to behold,
As proudly they all ride, majestic and bold.

Some ladies they think of nothing but dress ;
Miss Phœbe's dress-makers they have done their best
To keep her supplied with sails for a breeze,
But all to no purpose, they could not her please.

This day from three ships sail-makers were sent
To make her new dresses, and mend those that were rent ;
But these men have no rest, to please her they try,
But when homewards she's bound they hope she will fly.

The ninth all around looks like a dead water,
And men are quite anxious for a breeze from some quarter ;
While our six noble ships for the line they are making,
To be home in old England our time it is passing.

Nine months almost gone and not half of our way,—
Better luck for the future some hope and some say :
Now sixty forty south is our latitude,
And one seventy-four thirty is our longitude.

Still our health it is good, and all seem to look well ;
Our routine is healthy, by this you can tell ;
Three Captains last night with the Admiral dined ;
For smooth is the ocean as we drew near the line.

The tenth a slight breeze, our steaming goes on,
And sickness that's serious, I think there is none ;
This morning the Phœbe was surprised very soon,
As she snapp'd her main-top-gallant stunsail boom.

The eleventh looks like business, while steaming and sailing,

And all in good humour, and very few ailing ;
And three-thirty south was our latitude,
And one seventy-one east was our longitude.

The twelfth, a good breeze ; after nine in the morning
To leave off all steaming we all had the warning,
To haul in our hawser, and make sail for the best,
As Providence might provide the fleet with the rest.

No matter what rank or rating we we hold,
We think very little about the heat or the cold ;
But our thoughts day and night to home they rebound—
To the day we arrive at Spithead or the Sound.

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Our homes may be humble, or wealthy in lot,
We left in our youth—that home's not forgot;
The married and single, all ranks are alike,
Would be glad if the Lizard or Spithead they could sight.

For why? some will say; these men are well off;
Their food and good clothing they have at first cost;
But let them remember, while they work day by day,
We are braving the ocean, and can't spend our pay.

So when upon shore from want we are clear,
Of our spending and manner they form an idea,
And forget that all flesh on this side of the grave,
When at sea for a time, to be home we all crave.

Adam was created, but he came to his grave,
And to assist him through life God a wife for him made;
And men very many in the squadron are blest
With a wife and a family—with thought they can't rest.

It is all very well; but then there's the single,
Who trace back the days when toys they would jingle;
In a seafaring life many men have to roam;
Still they think of relations, and would like to be home.

But time it works wonders,—all things have an end;
As we go round the world we meet many friends
Who remind us of home and days that are past;
May God in His goodness bring us safe home at last.

But what does this mean?—it's only for a time—
Just for a few weeks—another ship we soon find;
Our money is soon spent, and the past soon forgot—
To complete a fresh cruise is many a man's lot.

Our steaming has ceased, by this you can see,
And the hours we were towed were about sixty-three.
Now one thirty-seven south is our latitude,
And one sixty-nine thirty east is our longitude.

The thirteenth, a fine morning, the breeze not too big,
About four in the morning we past by a brig;
And all ships they looked well as onwards we move,
And making good progress, while the ocean is smooth.

Church service on board for the good of mankind,
While the heat was moderate as we came near the line;
Much sail we were carrying as steady as a swan;
After dinner we crossed it—I think about one.

Now peace we shall have, no doubt for a time,
For nothing went down but to speak of the line;
For thirty-two days we have been cruising about
From Auckland to here on this flying route.

When first we left Plymouth it was then our lot
To cross over the line four times where it's hot;
The first was near Bahia, the second now here,
But to cross it twice more we've a long way to steer.

The third time we crossed it between Honolulu and Tahaiti;
It is part of Sandwich Islands, but the place is not mighty.
After leaving Falkland Islands we cross it again, [game.
When straight to Old England, homeward bound is our

The fourteenth, a steady breeze, all ships they lay too,
A change of Naval Instructors, who had work to do;
With skill they attended, and returned at their will,
Sometime in the evening before we had drill.

These men are most useful to all our cadets,
On shore or afloat, in a liner or corvettes:
They teach them the planets to find out as a rule,
The difference of time here and at Greenwich school.

Condensing for stokers and our engineers,
To complete this hot task they harbour no fears;
While some in the ward-room at chess they are playing,
And men round the decks at night they are singing.

The fifteenth, a fine breeze—seven knots on our way—
A change of Instructors again on this day;
No doubt a good lesson some from them have found,
To assist their promotion when homeward they're bound.

The sixteenth, a good breeze, all in good condition,
We passed the last island in the group Polynesian;
Which means many islands, by historians we are told,
Where we meet with the heat, but seldom the cold.

"Ualan," or Strong Island, by some it is called,
A sixth part of the world, but not known to us all;
The French they still hold it, tho' far from their nation,
As a depôt for shipping that study navigation.

This part of our cruise the scrutiny of man,
Will form a true chart as soon as they can:
Men-of-war of all nations they seldom cross here,
For danger unknown to us we have here.

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General and fire quarters, this day for the fleet,
Ball practice also we had for a treat ;
A steady breeze all the day, seven knots we were running :
Discontent and all danger all men they were shunning.

Five thirty north was our latitude,
And one sixty-three sixteen east was our longitude ;
Condensing, and merry were all of our men,
Building castles in the air if they reached home again.

The seventeenth all pleasant, and going a good rate,
To pick up lost time it is almost too late.
This is Patrick's day, all men seem alive,
To keep up this day some few will contrive.

This morning we mustered in the open list,
And on this last cruise we only one missed ;
They read out our characters for the time that is past,
Good and very good,—to fair some were cast.

But men in the service who have to remain,
Have time and opportunities all this to regain ;
While me and many others in this Flying Squad,
To regain what is lost we shall have a job.

As when we pay off the service we leave,
Only join for a commission, at this we don't grieve ;
Through folly in leave-breaking our character is gone,
A recommendation, of course, we have none.

Perhaps a wife and a family on us may depend,
Through being so weak-minded I have lost my best friend ;
But when I get home, eccentric and odd,
I will take a public-house, and call it "My Log."

At my scenes through life, I truly can say,
Many years I have travelled, and forty-seven next May ;
With the Army and Navy, Volunteers and Police,
Since the year forty-one my Log shall make peace.

It was pleasant all day,—some spoke of the Pope,
For the seventeenth of March is a day of great note ;
Not a case of intemperance, as we went on our way,
For respect to Old Ireland we played Patrick's day.

The eighteenth, a fine morning, all the fleet they looked
well,

The breeze it was good, for how long we can't tell :
Our Admiral makes sail to make good what he can,
For we may have bad luck before we get to Japan.

This morning, the nineteenth, very favourable was the breeze,

Still going seven knots, all seemed at their ease ;
Our time has passed pleasant, a few days for a wonder,
No loss, or an accident, or things rent asunder.

The twentieth all lively, and ships making way,
But our main-top gallant-sheet soon carried away ;
Not a word about wind or weather is uttered,
Our cruise for the present would be safe for all cutters.

The twenty-first, all is well, we are in good luck,
The fleet they are riding as steady as a duck :
Our tactics performed in the evening at leisure,
Gymnastics and gloves, single-stick for our pleasure.

The twenty-second, how pleasant this day passed away,
Our tactics as usual as we went on our way ;
And drill in the evening,—our sails they were shifting,
Whilst smoothly the waves our bows they were lifting.

The twenty-third, a fine morning, all running at ease,
And all through the day we had a good breeze :
Again general quarters, performed with good will,
To make the fleet active we all had sail drill.

The twenty-fourth, at daylight, we all sighted land :
It was a volcano, and lofty does it stand ;
Its name is Assumption, among the Ladrones—
The natives are noted for thieving, they don't know their own.

We passed them in safety, a good breeze at the time,
And kept well together, though in double line ;
In the evening we closed, after drill and divisions,
And visited each other with news and provisions.

Like all other families, we assist one another,
For this flying family has more sisters than brothers ;
Miss Scylla last night was kind, without bluster,
And brought us some meal, vinegar, pepper, and mustard.

But, all in a cluster, the fleet they hove too,
After visiting each other, our wants were but few ;
For forty-three days we have been out at sea,
And nothing was wanting, all was as right as could be.

The heat we still found, although far from the line, [find ;
And passed the Ladrones, which means thieves, you will
And still in the tropics, but this breeze, we are told,
We shall lose with the tropics, as the weather gets cold.

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The twenty-fifth, still a breeze, not very agreeable,
For it dropped in the evening, and then became changeable;
Twenty forty-two north was our latitude;
And one forty-three twenty-five east was our longitude.

The twenty-sixth, very slack the breeze it was blowing;
Still it was fair—to Japan we were going; [dashing,
But we like a good breeze, through the waves to be
And not to be prading with our clews and lashings.

The twenty-seventh, Sunday morning, and just on the
move,

All anxious for a change, a fair breeze but too smooth;
Divine service we had, as a duty to God,
For the mercies received in this Flying Squad.

The twenty-eighth, a poor breeze we had all this day;
The twenty-ninth, a dead calm, so we made no headway;
But we lowered down a boat, and assisted each other
With cocoa and tea, and a little brown sugar.

The thirtieth, a breeze was as useless as our pockets;
The thirty-first, a good wind brought us out of the tropics;
While twenty-four forty north was our latitude,
And one thirty-eight east was our longitude.

April the first, something cooler this day,
But the clouds were heavy as we sailed on our way;
Our fore and main-topgallant sails were rent in twain,
Then drill in the evening, a fog, but no rain.

A heavy fog on the second we had in the morning,
To denote where we were our guns they gave warning;
Though near to each other, and still out of sight,
Our fog-horns and firing kept all the fleet right.

It cleared off a little as the sun it came out,
We fired every half-hour on this foggy route;
'Twas murky all day, but a change, I am told,
We had in the evening, with a breeze and very cold.

As darkness set in the fog disappeared,
As for fouling each other we had now no fear.
The third Sunday morning 'twas beautiful weather,
And all in double line, and nicely together.

The fourth, rather smoothly we rode o'er the waves,
Some thinking of home, and some of their graves;
Each day gives a lesson to all the Flying Squad,
How uncertain is life, not our own, but great God's.

This morning the Endymion had cause for to weep,
As one of their number was buried in the deep;
He was a Lieutenant, almost in his prime,
When death gave his frame to the deep, you will find.

Thirty fourteen north was our latitude,
And one thirty-seven eighteen east was our longitude;
The Liverpool and Scylla's fore-topgallant sails split,
We put out our boats and lay-to for a bit.

To visit the flagship with notes, and the news
Of men in the fleet the service abused;
At five in the evening we had general quarters,
Then put all things right for Japanese waters.

A heavy morning on the fifth, but still a good breeze,
For nine and ten knots we were going at our ease;
The fore and main royal sheets were rent in twain
Of the Liverpool, this morning—she repaired them again.

Their main-top-gallant staysail they lost in a jiffy,
But something more serious occurred to the Liffey;
Whilst her crew seemed happy and some full of chaff,
A man fell on deck from their spanker gaff.

He came on his head, and soon was released
From the cares of this life—with death to make peace,
Leaving messmates and friends, at home and out here,
To look back with sorrow on his fate with a tear.

The sixth, a stiff breeze. Very early this morning
We just escaped death—a lesson and warning;
For a rock just ahead—we were almost upon it—
If not seen by the watch, all was lost in a minute.

Our course was soon altered, with judgment and wit,
But the breeze being so strong, our mainsail soon split;
And the Liffey's fore-top-gallant sail split the same time,
As they buried the corpse, and left him behind.

Now the wind was changeable in the evening about five;
To make Yokohama all things were alive,
So we got up our steam, no longer to wait,
And anchored that night, some time about eight.

Two deaths in the last cruise, I find, did occur,
But the dates they took place I never have heard:
One, who was a good seaman, and ranked quarter-master,
Leaves a wife and a family to mourn the disaster.

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He belonged to the Endymion, and bore a good name,
The feeling of the crew will bear out the same ;
For they made up a sum for his family and wife,
To supply them with comforts as they travel through life.

The other, a boy, in the midst of good health,
He thought not of death, nor yet about wealth ;
As he fell from aloft, he was hurt there's no doubt ;
Young Greenwood was drowned, on this flying route.

So you see what mishaps we meet in this squad,
We all must submit to the will of Great God.
He belonged to the Barrosa, at work he had been,
When he fell overboard—no more to be seen.

The seventh, very early, got surrounded by boats,
With eatables and curios, and some with small notes,
From people of business, our wants they could suit,
So some went on shore after firing a salute.

The eighth, provisioned ship, while a watch went on shore,
For forty-eight hours where they had not been before ;
And strange were the habits and scenes of this place,
To speak of all customs 'twould be a disgrace.

To speak of the town, and the ways of the people,
They have but one church, and that has no steeple ;
Their dwellings and stores are all built with wood,
To use bricks or stones they think it's no good.

Europeans here are but few in number,
They look upon wood as nothing but lumber ;
Their houses are built with brick and fine stone,
And will last many years if they are left alone.

They live near together in European town,
Here glass for their windows nowhere's to be found ;
For Japanese dwellings are nothing but wood,
And bamboo and matting ; but these are no good.

No pumps, tanks, or gas, they have in this place,
But wells and fine lanthorns to shine in your face ;
Travelling about town at night in the dark,
They give a good light, and make you walk smart.

Their roads they are dirty, all smothered with mud,
If we don't watch our footsteps, I wonder who should ;
For the people are thoughtless, think nothing of death,
If you are not on your guard, they will soon stop your
breath.

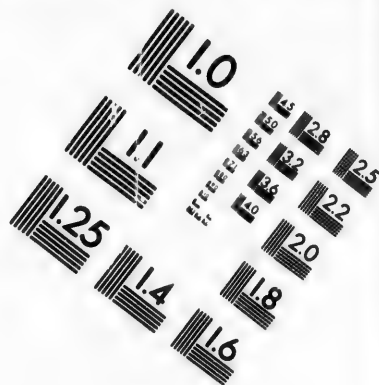
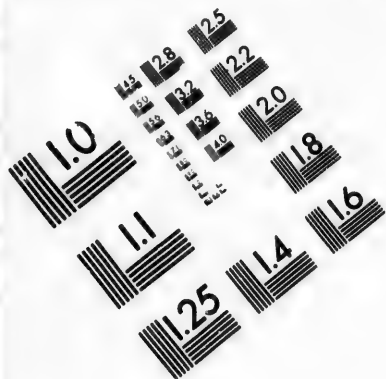
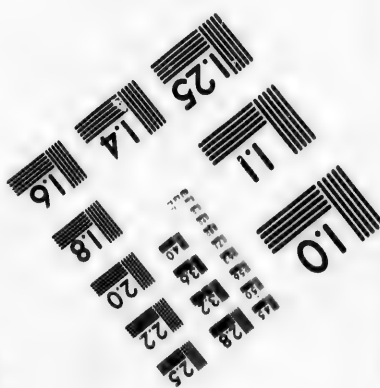
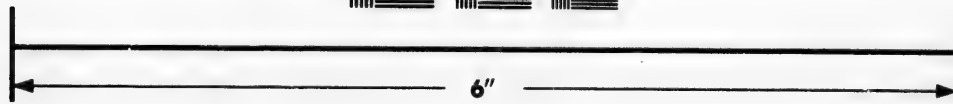
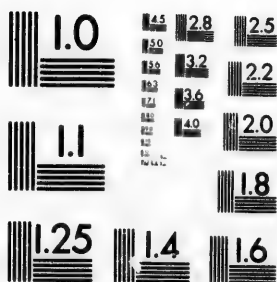


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To enter their houses, you take off your shoes,
You can send for refreshments by them if you choose.
They are honest and clean,—you must beat them down,
When making a bargain with them in the town.

Double price for all things they are sure to ask,
To buy what you want, you must not be too fast ;
I have seen many places, and strangers on earth :
But none seemed so vulgar as these from their birth.

Religion and Sundays, some take by the moon,
For missionaries out here, I am sure there is room ;
For the fleet when on shore on leave for three days,
Were ashamed of their habits and their sinful ways.

The ninth, all was busy, our mail had arrived,
Poor Crispin invalided, when on shore where he died.
He was a young man, but fatigue and the change
Called him to make peace, with death to arrange.

The tenth, Sunday morning, divine service in the fleet,
And men in the evening returned from their leave ;
For the people on shore, of our Sabbath know little,
And for our religion they care not a tittle.

Eleventh, painted ship, a court-martial as well
Took place on the Barrosa, by this you can tell,
It lasted two days, their prisoners were two,
Dismissed from the service—from Miss Phœbe too.

In the evening a change of command now took place,
Captain Moore out from England, his career you can trace.
He has seen some good service in sailing about,
And now takes the Barrosa from this flying route.

May their stay on this station be happiness and health,
By being kind to his men he will be kind to himself :
Discipline requires judgment from the wisest of men,
To keep things in order till they arrive home again.

We know many times they will speak of the fleet,
And wish us safe home where friends we shall meet :
And speak of the Barrosa and her crew, yes, aloud,
And to hear of her welfare we all shall feel proud.

Now we bid her adieu, as she leaves the Flying Squad :
May her Captain and crew be protected by God
From sickness, and troubles, and dangers at sea ;
May they meet with prosperity where'er they may be

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The twelfth, provisioned ship, first leave it was over,
And ne'er before this did all hands look so sober ;
For most of the fleet curiosities had bought,
Of excessive drinking they gave not a thought.

Thirteenth, painted ship, general leave had expired,
And with more curiosities to the fleet had retired ;
While Japanese people on the beach they would stammer,
What things were for sale still in Yokohama.

Fourteenth, left Yokohama, then went on to Yedo,—
Its population is greater than London with Soho.
We steamed all the way and took in the Pearl,
Who joined the Flying Squadron her sails to unfurl.

We gave her a welcome and wished her success,
On her way to Old England,—what could we do less ?
She had seen some good service, and been out a long time,
Long leave and enjoyment at home may she find.

Many hardships and dangers we find she has met,
But there's time to make up for all, I think, yet ;
For Captain Ross, of the Pearl, and guns seventeen,
Has a crew very smart at drill we have seen.

Captain Ross took the Pearl, commissioned on the fifth
Of May then at Portsmouth, eighteen sixty-six,
Two hundred and seventy-five, both officers and men ;
But soon she met troubles—this shews you all will.

January the sixteenth she sailed from Spithead,
And met with a gale very soon, it is said ;
Then put back to Portsmouth, where she lay for three
Then made a fresh start to brave all the waves. [days,

A very pleasant passage they had to the Cape ;
To meet with bad weather: it still was their fate ;
After leaving the Cape in the month of September,
They met with a gale they long will remember.

She took in great seas, all things were afloat ;
And to make things look worse she lost all her boats ;
But God in His mercy he gave them his aid,
And granted fine weather to Singapore where they made.

October the second she arrived on this station,
And relieved the Barrosa to see their relations ;
Lay here for some time, but notes I have none
About the vicinity, and then to Hong Kong.

They left Hong Kong the eighth of September,
And the scene the next morning some men will remember;
They had a typhoon which lasted all night,
And lost all her boats before it was light.

The scene between decks would be strange to relate;
While thoughts of anxiety for safety was great,
As they know not a moment their troubles would cease,
And lost in the Ocean with death to make peace.

But God for a time did then intervene,
And spared them till morning to get up their steam;
At daylight next morning they got on their track,
And pick up all souls that had suffered wreck.

What a sickening sight as they looked around,
Junks bottom uppermost, with men they soon found;
For twenty-three hours they'd been in the waters,
When saved by the Pearl, who gave them fresh quarters.

On the ninth of September, eighteen sixty-seven,
Remembered by many who wished to see heaven;
While the Pearl was busy, the weather was dirty,
She braved all the dangers, and saved about thirty.

How thankful mankind should be to great God,
Especially the Pearl, who has joined the Flying Squad;
She has seen many troubles, and death has been near,
Still spared to be home by the end of this year.

Then back to Hong Kong they put the same night,
And all of their damage was soon put right;
Then made a fresh start, by this you'll see,
To watch all the fighting at Hakadate.

The Japanese and their rulers think it no joke
To be fighting on shore as well as afloat;
No doubt a fine sight they had of it there,
But to be mere spectators was only their share.

Then back to Yokohama again for a time,
And shifted about more changes to find;
But a change in the squadron, may it be their last,
And bring them safe home to forget of all past.

May their future be comfort and health, as we roam
Upon the rough billows, which bring us near home;
Where friends and relations will hail us with a cheer,
To spend Christmas day at home e'en this year.

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Four miles from the town we our anchors let go,
Two millions of people or more in Yedo;
The ways of the people out here are so strange,
That a guide you require to be safe, for a change.

No hands went on shore at this noted place,
As the Japanese people for us have no taste;
But they came off in boats with all sorts of goods,
As curious to barter with us if they could.

The fifteenth of April and Good Friday morning,
Captain Hans took the Endymion as commander with
Our commander and staff landed at Yedo, [warning;
To visit the authorities, also the Mikado.

Sixteenth, a damp morning, a fog until late—
To see the Mikado, until four had to wait;
In a fine little yacht, with steam all complete,
He boarded the Liverpool—none else of the fleet.

They had general quarters, after firing a salute,
And then target practice—a sight for their suite;
We manned and armed boats, then formed double line,
And then line abreast, which was done in good time.

We then opened fire independent from the right;
Of our power and our strength they had a good sight.
All blazing away for ten minutes or more,
We formed up in line the same as before.

Our boats then returned to the fleet with good speed,
And a very good lesson we gave them indeed;
It shows them what guns and boats now in store,
Could do, if we liked to attack them on shore.

Here out in the sea, between the fleet and the shore,
They have a few batteries—I think three or four—
And the water so shallow for ships to run near,
To be conquered by shipping they think there's no fear.

But our boats they have seen, and the smoke from our guns,
Heard the noise from each piece through the air as it runs;
They have soldiers and shipping, and men without number,
But their notions of warfare are nothing but lumber.

Our officers on shore they went for a treat,
Where wood, and not pavement, they saw in each street;
No balls or amusements to enliven their time,
But things as curiosities were all they could find.

Some went to the place where the Mikado resides.
But when they got there they were rather surprised;
Three walls here encircled his dwelling quite snug;
To pass more than one not allowed, if you would.

There is nothing but barracks around this grand place,
And five thousand soldiers live here face to face;
To protect this Mikado they think it not odd
To worship and praise him, as if he were a god.

Their gods are sham idols, as useless as dust;
Three parts of the people worship the tortoise,
And believe that the world is built on its back;
So to worship the Tortoise out here there's no lack.

Shocks of earthquakes are very common out here,
And when this occurs it's the Tortoise they fear;
They fancy offended he is with their ways,
And shakes all the world on his back in a rage.

They build all their huts with wood, each his own;
To prepare for the earthquake, no bricks or yet stone;
High chimneys, machinery, and steam they have none,
And some nearly naked, as you see them pass on.

But give them their due, I think we might ever
Call them cabinet makers; at this they are clever;
So neat and complete their work they turn out,
We've not seen their equals on this flying route.

Females that are married shave off their eyebrows,
And blacken their teeth to prevent any rows;
When a birth takes place a flag they will hoist:
The first after marriage, a son is their choice.

Their food's very common, and still very dear,
As they live upon fish, and rice without fear:
While stealing is death, to them it is said,
Without judge or jury they will take off your head.

There are a few places where worship goes on
To gods, their own idols, mostly made out of bronze;
They are kept in a temple, a priest they have there,
To receive a small coin from each one for his fare.

The rich they go in, while the poor they stay out,
But the priest gets his fee from all, there's no doubt:
A gong they keep beating, all take off their shoes,
They remind me of the east, also the Gentoos.

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No riding on horseback, or anything else,
Except a Palanquin you must keep for yourself ;
For cattle out here are scarce and run small,
And none of their females you ever see tall.

They have small hand-carts, which are drawn by the men,
No asses or mules you will find among them :
Their favourite labour is fishing and barter,
With all sorts of curios even down to a garter.

The graves of the Tycoons very grand they are here,
They all lie together who have died in past years :
And built up with stone, some surrounded with flowers,
To denote they were men of wealth and great powers.

This was the best sight our officers had,
But to return to the fleet most of them were glad :
For European food was scarce everywhere,
To supply you with this no one seemed to care.

Seventeenth, Easter Sunday, we got up our steam,
And left for Yokohama where before we had been ;
And arrived the same evening all snug and serene,
Then sent the Barrosa a few fine Marines.

The eighteenth, live stock and stores we took in,
And bustle around us with boats did begin ;
With all sorts of curios and things not so poor,
To barter with us, but we wanted no more.

I think they did well with the squadron out here,
Fifty thousand pounds we have spent without fear ;
For when out at sea our fleet was paid down,
Between here and Auckland each one took some pounds.

And on our arrival, before we could hollow,
They again gave us two months' pay all in dollars ;
And when upon shore we could have no spree,
For places of amusement nowhere could we see.

Some money was spent on things to bring home ;
They have stowed them away, as homeward we roam ;
And I think a museum upon a large scale,
The fleet they could open, for view, but not sale.

Some things that we've bought are handsome, I'm sure,
They would set off the dwellings of the rich or the poor ;
Our sweethearts and families, I think, they all might,
Have something to please them with joy and delight.

Now when we got here we had bread and fresh beef,
 Instead of salt rations, to us was a treat ;
 Besides all the money we spent every day,
 For all these fresh rations our Government pay.

So I think fifty thousand is near to the mark
 We have spent with these people, all with a good heart ;
 But we leave them in friendship, perhaps to see them no
 May it do them all good, still they're not poor. [more,

Our ambassador out here is in his right place,
 To his Queen and his country he's no disgrace ;
 Though a prisoner in Pekin was Sir Harry Parkes,
 He looks to our treaty, our interest he marks.

Now in a few years I think we shall trace
 The improvements he has made in this noted place ;
 The French and the English, America as well,
 All have troops out here their commerce to swell.

The wife of Mikado now learns the piano,
 From our Lady Parkes who studies our banner ;
 They have only one instrument of music out here,
 Which resembles the banjo, but dull to the ear.

So dancing to music and balls they have none ;
 Our ladies at home how would they get on ;
 For music they say gives joy to the heart,
 When she learns the piano it will give them a start.

Two Japanese students we have with the fleet ;
 For England to study, for them what a treat ;
 They both are young men, rather strange as a rule ;
 The Phœbe has one, and one the Liverpool.

Etziekie Etchizo is one of their surnames,
 Magahizo he is christened to learn his aim ;
 This one is in the Phœbe, but the name of the other
 I cannot make out, but I am sure they're not brothers.

The nineteenth we started from here with plain sail,
 But had not gone far when we met half a gale ;
 The Liffey's fore-top sail was split in a crack,
 And very rough weather we had on our track.

The fore-top mast stunsail of the Phœbe soon went,
 Also her maintop-sail in this gale they both rent ;
 She took in great seas as high as some forts,
 Which washed things about, and smashed in two ports.

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The twentieth a rough morning, almost a head breeze,
And for a long time the fleet had no ease ;
The foresail and main were both rent in two
Of the Phœbe, while the fleet had plenty to do.

Twenty-first, very steady it was for some time,
And the Pearl some distance we soon left behind ;
She too up her station near the Admiral this day,
On her weather starboard to make good her way.

Ten knots we were running with a breeze for a bit,
When the Phœbe's mizen-top-sail again it soon split :
The heat of the West Indies has ruined all our sails,
For we are sure to lose some when we meet with a gale.

Twenty-second, a good breeze, fore-royal carried away,
The fore-top gallant-sheet of the Phœbe this day ;
The Endymion's fore-top-sail it shared the same fate,
But a lesson for the Liverpool after this it was great.

She lost her fore-top gallant-sheet as well as her main,
And death paid a visit to her once again.
A little before nine, at divisions this morning,
Death took from this ship a man without warning.

He fell overboard, the crew were surprised,
As he fell in the water he made a great noise ;
The ship then hove too, the Scylla as well ;
He must have been hurt as downwards he fell.

The boat it was lowered to rescue his life
From the grasp of grim death each one did his might ;
But all to no use, his time had arrived,
To leave the Flying Squad with death to abide.

The boat it returned, great credit is due,
For quickness to save him by this noble crew :
While the Scylla's main-top gallant-sheet went at its will,
In the evening the fleet they all had sail drill.

Twenty-third, a stiff breeze, the Liverpool once more
Had plenty of work, for sheets she rent four ;
Her fore-top-mast stunsail and royal soon went,
And fore-top-sail sheet and top-gallant rent.

The Pearl's rather stiff, rides well in a gale,
But soon got deprived of her fore-topmast sail ;
This shews what mishaps we all have to share,
But when no one is hurt for this we don't care.

Twenty-fourth, still a breeze, all well in the fleet;
 Twenty-fifth, the Endymion lost her main-topsail sheet;
 But the Scylla to meet troubles, it was now her fate
 To give up to death one of their messmates.

He fell overboard, and soon lost all power,
 While the fleet were running about ten knots an hour,
 A boat soon was lowered, and the ship was hove-to,
 To try to save life—all were anxious to do.

But he sank in the deep, and was gone from their sight,
 And his spirit thro' death to its Maker took flight;
 His career was cut short with this Flying Squad
 To pay the last debt which we all owe to God.

Twenty-sixth, a good breeze and drill in the evening;
 Of home and our friends we have cause to be dreaming,
 For scarcely a day we pass without trouble,
 And the cold we now feel as if the Horn we had doubled.

Twenty-seventh, quite calm, our Admiral inspected
 The Scylla, who will leave us very soon it's expected.
 Now forty forty-four north is our latitude,
 And one sixty-two three east is our longitude.

Twenty-eighth, still a calm this morning till ten,
 When the breeze very favourable sprang up again;
 While the Admiral inspected the Pearl at his leisure—
 To find her so happy to him was a pleasure.

All things he found right, so neat and complete,
 And her men they were smart, and a credit to the fleet;
 He gave them great credit as one of his squad,
 And wished them safe home, with the blessing of God.

Twenty-ninth, a stiff breeze, all the fleet running well,
 But what is to happen we never can tell;
 Liverpool's main royal and maintopmast staysail
 Both rent at one time, as we met half a gale.

The breeze it was strong, by this you can tell:
 Phoebe's maintop-sail sheet and fore went as well;
 Our foretopmast stunsail all went, no one hurt:
 At nine half a gale, which gave us all work.

Our maintopgallant staysail and stay they both went.
 To compete with this gale our men were content;
 All hands they were called, while the rain and the cold
 Was telling on men aloft, I am told.

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Our mizen topgallant stay went off like a gun,
And now busy times with the fleet soon begun ;
For we took in great seas, which sounded like thunder,
Which made the ship tremble—at this we don't wonder.

Eleven knots then running, the cold we all feel:
When the log it was hove it ran off the reel ;
Our Captain on the bridge till he saw all was well,
Then retired to take rest sometime about twelve.

Our watch before this had gone to take rest—
To make the ship safe they had done their best ;
But still our First Lieutenant he here deserves praise:
He remained up all night, brought us safe through the waves.

At daylight next morning, had rain and a fog,
But thanks we all owe to Almighty God
For sparing our ship in danger this night :
Next morning the fleet were all out of sight.

Now the thirtieth was serious quite early ; but hark !
Some men were aloft three hours in the dark,
And wanted assistance to come down on deck—
A scene our land sailors would never forget.

Some think that this life is mere pastime at sea,
Spare time and enjoyment where'er we may be ;
Well paid for the same, when our cruise it is over,
We deserve all we get, and twice as much more.

Our men they were sickened with the rain and the cold,
When a wave caught her side, and smashed a port hole ;
And carried away spars in the chains starboard quarter,
While the decks they were flooded all over with water.

Humanity and kindness our Captain can shew,
He allowed them this morning to have hot cocoa,
And smoking all night to keep animation,
To be ready at any moment again at their station.

Both officers and men they share much the same,
If a man says he likes it he must be insane ;
In all sorts of climates he has to contend,
In the heat and the cold ; but his work never ends.

To-day he's wet through and shivering with cold,
If death should be near him, he must do as he is told ;
In a gale or a squall at sea we all meet,
And sometimes overpowered with fatigue from the heat.

He forfeits all comforts with relations through life :
 If married very little he stays with his wife ;
 He braves every danger at sea night and day,
 While relations or wife they have his half-pay.

Many thousands very snugly are sheltered at home,
 Little thinking what misery we meet as we roam ;
 When told of the scenes we have in this squad,
 They'll not envy our station,—this is a true log.

The first of sweet May, we had fog and cold rain,
 To look for the fleet was labour in vain ;
 Fog-horns they were blowing as we rolled thro' the deep,
 Though a fog it is serious, all nature needs sleep.

There was a good breeze till eight in the morning,
 And the fog cleared away, no horns to give warning ;
 We then had a calm and put all things right,
 But our noble fleet were then out of sight.

No doubt all have suffered more or less in this gale,
 To speak of all misery would be a sad tale ;
 Enough I have said, you can form an idea
 Whether misery or pleasure we meet with out here.

Still this is our calling, with a will of our own,
 To serve Queen and country abroad or at home :
 Some speak of our cruise and the squadron at leisure,
 As merely a trip of enjoyment and pleasure.

But let them have charity, and leave us alone,
 We can stand the rough weather, though not made of stone ;
 And brave every hardship without murmur or fear,
 And do all we can to be home still this year.

Divine service this morning was merely short prayers
 To God for protection from death and its snares ;
 Had a fog in the evening, with more rain and cold,
 While none of the fleet our ship can behold.

The second rather foggy, the breeze rather good,
 To sight all the fleet we should like, if we could ;
 But whether in front or behind they have got,
 To be left by ourself it now is our lot.

The third a stiff breeze, high the waves they did toss,
 The Phœbe's foretop-sail rent right across ;
 No comfort or ease for any of the fleet,
 While shivering with cold in the snow and the sleet.

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The fourth a steady breeze, the snow was still falling,
We sighted the fleet on our starboard this morning;
The Liffey bore down, with flags us did hail,
And found us the Phœbe, which they lost in the gale.

As she tried to come near us her fore-topsail sheet
Was soon rent, and then she returned to the fleet;
The Phœbe soon joined with the snow from the heavens
The fleet in the evening sometime about seven.

But the news here we heard was rather severe;
For all ships had suffered more or less we could hear;
The boats of the *Endymion* stove in by a wave,
As she ploughed the rough billows most proudly and brave.

The Liverpool while leading on the waves had to toss,
But soon met with troubles, you can tell by her loss;
Her fore and main topsail and top-gallant sheet,
And mizensail rent, as she dashed through the deep.

The loss in the Scylla was the worst in this squad,—
A soul was there called to appear before God;
Young Warren, a midshipman, he drew his last breath,
As he fell overboard at the call of grim death.

His ship had been painted just before there's no doubt;
To keep clear of the same all had to look out;
He was in the mizen rigging a heaving the log,
And slipp'd and was drowned at the call of great God.

He rose a few seconds and swam, but in vain;
For with the Flying Squadron he could not remain;
He was mild in his manner, and bid fair to be brave;
Death placed him with others in a watery grave.

This shews again how useless is wealth,
If we wish to be saved each must pray for himself;
For the rich and the poor, the weak and the strong,
Must answer death's call where'er it may come.

No doubt in this gale all the brave Flying Squad
Would have suffered much more but for the mercy of
He knows all our hearts, to Him we are dear; [God;
He protects us from danger through life as we steer.

Our life is uncertain where'er we may be,
More especially with us while on the deep sea:
May wisdom and prayer in the squadron increase,
And may them that have left us in death rest in peace.

The fifth,—two Thursdays we had in this week,
But shall lose it again when east meridian we meet ;
As we travel the east we always gain time,
And lose it again in the west, you will find.

Still all we can gain is twelve hours as a rule,
By the time that is taken in Greenwich fine school,
Which we work up and down in the heat and the cold,
This time we make out when the sun we behold.

This accounts for some places which always have night,
While we in Old England enjoy our daylight ;
For Greenwich stands nought as regards longitude,
And just about fifty is their latitude.

Now both of these fifths we had a good breeze,
And four hundred knots we went at our ease ;
But trying was the weather for the young and the old—
Had drill in the evening very late, in the cold.

The sixth, a good breeze, general quarters we had,
And drill in the evening—the cold still was bad,
The seventh still a breeze ; this trip when it's over
Will be noted for quickness by those at Vancouver.

The eighth, Sunday morning, a fair wind had the fleet,
But the Pearl soon lost her fore-royal sheet ;
The ninth, a fair breeze, of this we were glad,
Then general and fire quarters the fleet all had.

The weather gets warmer, snow storms we are crossing,
And men seemed at home this night at their washing ;
While forty-nine sixteen is our latitude,
And one forty-five is our longitude.

The tenth, a fine breeze,—to work we were able,
So the fleet were employed to survey the cable ;
The eleventh, general quarters, a fine breeze we had still,
And for our instruction the fleet had sail drill.

The twelfth, a light breeze, had magazine drill ;
The thirteenth, still worse ; against our own will,
For Vancouver's Island at daylight we sighted,
And hoped to run in, but that was soon blighted.

Almost a dead calm we had until night,
When a squall we encountered, the land then in sight,
And the snow on the mountains look splendid and grand ;
So we stood out to sea to keep clear of the land.

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1870.

The fourteenth, the next morning all on the look-out,
And made for the Straits, soon scattered about ;
While the foretopgallant-sail was rent quite in twain
Of our noble flagship this morning again.

Now beating about was the order of the day :
In almost a calm we made small headway ;
The next morning, the fifteenth, a little better breeze,
So we went into harbour almost at our ease.

In Esquimalt Bay we anchored near land,
About four in the evening, except the Endymion,
Who was nearly on rocks when near to the bay :
By the help of her steam she got in the same day.

When they first saw her danger her anchors let go :
Good judgment by this her Captain did show ;
All things were put right with calmness and power,
And she joined the Flying Squadron again in an hour.

What mercies we have each day from Great God !
He pours out His goodness to all the Flying Squad ;
He protects us in life, in a storm, or a gale,
And sends our five ships in here under sail.

We fired a salute,—all was busy on board,—
No rest for the fleet till each ship it was moored ;
No bustle or excitement was visible here ;
The town of Victoria is three miles from the pier.

Here the Zealous (admiral's ship) and three others lay ;
The Charybdis, and Boxer, and Sparrowhawk looked gay.
The arrangements to anchor could not have been better ;
After this the two squadrons got up a regatta.

All hands about four, the sixteenth of May, [day.
Out boats and scrubbed hammocks ; gave leave the same
For forty-eight hours one watch had a run
To the town of Victoria, for enjoyment and fun.

About this Vancouver's we have heard plenty of talk ;
To the capital, Victoria, we have three miles to walk,
While no sort of grandeur is there to be seen [green.
But the snow on the mountains and the fields that were

We refitted ship on the seventeenth of May ;
The eighteenth, one watch returned on this day :
All work it went on the same as before,
So the watch left on board were now sent on shore.

Nineteenth, painted ship, and stores we took in;
To prepare for Honolulu we now did begin.
The twentieth we hoisted our new top-gallant mast,
And wished that our stay in Vancouver's was past.

Twenty-first we coaled ship,—to some this seemed strange,
After painting and cleaning, it is such a change.
Twenty-second, Sunday morning, no visitors came off,—
To view the Flying Squadron they have not a thought.

Twenty-third, all the fleet went to work with good will,
Sheet anchor and cable—they had a long drill;
But a change of command took us all by suprise,
As Lieutenant Clayton's promotion had arrived.

Commander Crohan (*now Lieut.enant*) from the Phoebe
is gone

To the Liverpool; Mr. Clayton the Phoebe takes on;
But Lieutenant Crohan we all wish him well,
His system as commander we all here can tell.

For cleanliness and order he was not at a loss,
But we hope in the Liverpool to England he'll cross;
With our new Commander we are proud as we roam,
And we wish him success as he takes our ship home.

Disappointments we all meet up the hill of this life,
With things that we study when we think we are right;
But we wish them both well, each must act for himself,
May they arrive with the squadron in England in health.

A new First Lieutenant we got in this place,
He is mild in his manner—it is marked in his face:
A Commander of the Liffey he was for some time,
Lieutenant Lawson knows his work we all find.

Twenty-fourth, very gaily all the ships were dressed out,
To keep the Queen's birthday in style there's no doubt;
The steamer Enterprise, a few yachts into boot,
Brought out a few visitors to witness the salute.

The noise it was deafening, all buried in smoke;
Our American visitors, they thought this no joke;
As it rose with the clouds, this scene ended well,
About the Flying Squadron a pleasing tale they can tell.

As night now came on, there was a grand ball
At the house of the Governor, and music for all;
With refreshments and dancing they had plenty to do,
But visitors from shore there were but a few.

Twenty-fifth, a regatta we had for both fleets,
For seldom two squadrons in Vancouver's meet ;
Prizes were moderate, got up by subscription,
For the people of Vancouver are low in condition.

All ships were thrown open on this noted day,
Clean and dressed out, which made them look gay ;
Some visitors, two thousand, but I think they were less,
Some Americans from New Westminster, I guess.

The day it was fine, men and boats in good trim,
And many surmises as to which fleet would win ;
Their fleet numbered four, while we numbered six,
They say that we beat them,—we are now in a fix.

But now let us see, the Scylla we claim,
She took three first prizes to keep up her name ;
The Liverpool took one, the Liffey the same ;
Two each to the Endymion and Phoebe all game.

This makes us nine prizes for the hungry squad,
A name we have got, but we think it not odd ;
The Boxer took one at ease, we could see,
The Sparrowhawk took one, and the Zealous took three.

All these were first prizes,—but listen and hark,
The boat built in Sydney still sings like a lark ;
She took the first prize at pulling and sailing,
And will to old England if her crew are not ailing.

The cutters while sailing were taken by surprise,
The cutter of the Pearl with her crew she capsized ;
But the cutter of the Zealous, she dashed thro' the waves,
Rescued them from death, and a watery grave.

Both fleets at the regatta, they seemed quite alive,
To keep up our name our squadron did contrive ;
The Phoebe's first cutter did her work quite at ease,
And will take any challenge she meets on the seas.

Now the regatta at Vancouver's is over and past,
The good will of both squadrons may it ever last ;
Our thanks they are due to Admirals of both fleets,
And officers for the regatta which to us was a treat.

No pleasure or amusement was here to be found,
All grasping for money—though strange this may sound
On all English courage ; we met with a loss
With the bumboats and public, who sometimes were cross.

Some American visitors came to the Regatta,
The reception we gave them could not have been better;
All the bands were playing while they danced for a treat,
But we hope in Vancouver's no more we shall meet.

We've left some behind us,—what could they be thinking,
This folly sometimes is brought on by drinking;
Here wages are high, but provisions are dear,
To better their condition from here they must steer.

Many people from Victoria have gone to the rush,
Who had to work hard sometimes in the bush;
Gold diggings are bad, and a long way from here,
Which will bring some to want very soon we may fear.

A scene rather sad this morning took place,
A corpse was laid low, to dust soon must waste;
He belonged to the Liffey, a youth in his years,
His name it was Drake, and will claim many tears.

For life it is sweet to us all, we well know,
And death we can find wherever we go;
He has left the Flying Squadron before he was old,
May his soul rest in peace, and his Saviour behold.

Twenty-sixth for a change we wanted no tactics,
We manned and armed boats and went to ball practice;
The twenty-seventh our live stock we took in at leisure,
To leave this dull place we shall think it a pleasure.

To prepare then for sea, which was better by far,
And for our main-yard took in a new spare;
For the one we had got was sprung in a gale,
In the evening the fleet all had to bend sail.

Before leaving this place one thing we can say,
For all that we wanted very dear had to pay;
Of amusements on shore it was useless to think,
But plentiful were tomfoolery and drink.

In the *Colonist* paper a paragraph did appear
About the dulness of the fleet from them that met here;
Their resources were low, and trade it was bad—
Their community so small, which made things so sad.

We bid them adieu, and wished them success:
With the cares of this life may they soon meet with less;
Our stay it was long, still nothing we owe,
As we pay for all pleasures wherever we go.

The twenty-eighth, this fine morning we got up our steam,
And left them, no more by this fleet to be seen;
But a scene now took place as we steamed down the bay,
We shall think of with pleasure for many a long day.

Captain Herbert, with his boats and most of his crew,
Lay out in the bay to bid us adieu;
Each ship as we passed them then gave us a cheer,
And the same was returned by some with a tear.

These men with the squadron had been all the time,
Now 'twas their lot to be left here behind;
They have our best wishes where'er they may roam:
May God spare their lives, and bring them safe home.

We steamed for twelve hours, and then we made sail,
And all things made ready for a calm or a gale;
The place of the Scylla the Charybdis now took,
So to pick up her station she now had to look.

She seems a fine vessel, it can't be denied,
But her sailing qualities with us will be tried;
Captain Lyons and his men good service have seen—
For more than four years in commission they've been.

Twenty-ninth a head wind, at this we don't wonder,
Our fore-top-gallant-mast broke right asunder;
Our fore-royal yard came down by the run,
And cold was the air except in the sun.

The thirtieth a good breeze, but the fore-topsail sheet
Of the Liverpool was rent as we ran through the deep;
While the Charybdis our Admiral then took on his right,
To find out her sailing he kept her in sight.

The thirty-first a fair wind, the Charybdis' main-royal
Was soon rent in two while giving her this trial;
She is up to her work, all hands soon could tell,
As she seems to ride easy, and sails very well.

On the first day of June the Charybdis again
Her jib very soon was rent quite in twain;
Ball practice this day we had through the fleet;
Nine knots we were running at ease through the deep.

The second sailing tactics our fleet they all had;
The air it was warmer, of this we were glad;
The third all was well, we still had a breeze,
Had Admiral's inspection, with this we were pleased.

He gave us general quarters and magazine drill,
And then fire quarters, some few had their fill ;
A fire in fore-top was then supposed to be,
So the power of our pumps he had a chance then to see.

All hands went to work, a pleasure at heart,
With the power of our hoes some men had a lark ;
While some in the rigging and in the fore-top
Got well drenched with water before this was stopped.

A few bags and hammocks he inspected with care,
But all were found right—the inspection was fair ;
Both himself and the staff sometimes they would smile
At the improvement they saw after travelling these miles.

What pleasure to all men, to see his calm ways,
For when all was over he gave us great praise ;
All things he did quietly, with him no palaver,
For the care that he takes he is more like a father.

And when in dear England, we can tell a true tale,
About ships in the squadron how he makes them all sail ;
And when in a harbour he is sure to give leave,
For us to see pleasure, and forget all our grief.

The fourth, a light breeze, and slowly all going,
How long this will last out here there's no knowing ;
The fifth Sunday morning, the same in a measure,
This will be a smooth trip,—if short what a pleasure.

The sixth, to sail faster we should like to do,
This morning the fleet very pleasing lay too :
All naval instructors now changed, and had work,
To examine young officers, and keep them alert.

The seventh, a dead calm, so the fleet were delayed,
A change of instructors again we all made ;
The eighth, general quarters, ball practice, sail drill,
The breeze in the evening might be better still.

Admiral Hornby this day the Charybdis inspected,
And found all in order, and nothing neglected ;
She will share in all weathers, with the fleet as we roam,
And remain at Valparaiso for orders from home.

We wish her success, and every sail that she bends
May they bring her safe home to their families and friends ;
A change of instructors, we had on this day,
With tobacco and soap, for this we all pay.

The Phoebe's top-studding sail was very soon rent,
Such mishaps as this we cannot prevent ;
The Japanese student from the Liverpool came
To the Phoebe—a visit to his countryman again.

The tenth, a fair wind, but not very strong,
Had drill in the evening while sailing along ;
A boat from each ship—we nothing neglect—
Took papers of examination for the Admiral to inspect.

The eleventh, a fair breeze, how smoothly all sailing,
Our crew they seem happy, and nothing now ailing ;
The twelfth, still the same,—a treat for the squad,
Divine service again, to wait upon God.

The thirteenth and fourteenth a breeze we had still,
Each day sailing tactics the fleet had to fulfil.
Fifteenth, had a breeze,—all now seemed delighted,
For early this day Otaheite we sighted.

We sailed rather near it,—at its scenery could look,—
Here killed in past years was brave Captain Cook.
Fore topmast-stunsail of the Charybdis carried away,
The Phoebe's foresail was rent at drill we must say.

Now drill and general quarters the fleet again had,
To detect coming dangers all hands they are glad.
At night, before twelve, the Pearl paid then a visit
To Miss Phoebe's stern, which put her on the fidget.

Rather close to be pleasant, but all was soon righted ;
She squared her main yard, when danger she sighted ;
We hailed her, and then our foresail we set,
But these flying visits may prove serious yet.

It seems that Miss Phoebe, of this Flying Squad,
Has the esteem of the ladies, and the protection of God ;
Ashore or afloat she is never neglected,
Now the family she carries by all are respected.

On the sixteenth Honolulu very early was seen,
Here timber is scarce, but the mountains are green.
Double line, under sail our anchorage we neared
About eleven this morning,—no danger then feared.

The flag-ship dropp'd anchor, Charybdis was next,
But the time that she took made some rather vexed :
The Phoebe came next, one anchor held on,
While this line was swinging on the echelon.

The Endymion behind us, although on our right,
To sail to her station she then thought she might ;
Around the stern of the Charybdis they then tried to steer,
Of fouling or danger she then had no fear.

But in rounding the stern of the Charybdis she soon
Sent their galley to pieces in the deep like a broom ;
The head-gear of the Endymion with this it was damaged,
To sail to our anchorage was awkward to manage.

Between her and the Phœbe she then tried to steer,
From fouling or danger she tried to run clear ;
But her chances were few, by this you will see,
Serious damage now happened to these ladies three.

The Endymion now moving she came with a crash,
On the stern of Miss Phœbe, her galley soon smashed ;
Her flying-jibboom through our spanker went flying,
To prevent this collision all hands they were trying.

Some part of our netting she sent to the waves :
Some thought at this time about watery graves ;
As she drifted down on us she had all she could do,
From running on our quarter, and cutting us in two.

But now she got clear, and sailed to her place,
With the loss of her whiskers she'll have a clean face :
Her flying-jibboom and jib,--what a crash !
Also her head-gear carried away in this smash.

As she sailed to her anchorage, what a pitiable sight,
She looked like a ship that had shared in a fight ;
No lives here were lost, nor any one hurt,
Still the danger was great, and to us it gives work.

Some men in the Phœbe were then shortening sail,
Came down from the mizen inclined to look pale ;
For our Captain saw danger, and feared a collision,
And sent the men forward before the main and mizen.

On the boom of the Endymion, when this did begin,
At work were some men, who quickly ran in ;
More damage was done than what I have stated,
You can judge of our danger by what is related.

The visits of these ladies to us are unkind,
They give us much trouble, and upset the mind,
And put us in danger, and make the men growl,
As they drift on each other, and sometimes run foul.

Some ladies will gossip, do what you may,
But our flying ladies have nothing to say;
And seldom you see them on the deep face to face,
For all these young ladies know their own place.

With the cares of their families they've plenty to do,
Many dangers and troubles they have to pass through;
Kind mothers and sisters can make us good men,
And bring us safe back to dear England again.

The Phœbe and Endymion now got up their steam,
And shifted their anchorage, too close they had been:
And all was made right in safety to float,
The care that's required for us is no joke.

The first sub. of our watch this night went on leave
For twenty-four hours,—next day had fresh beef;
This harbour is still, and of shipping looks thin,
No crowding of people to see us come in.

The seventeenth a few visitors to the fleet they came off,
While refitting the ship on deck and aloft;
General leave of this sub. this day had expired,
With the pleasures of horse-riding some stiff and tired.

The eighteenth cleaned ship, and then rattled down;
No leave on this day, no murmuring we found;
The study that's required for the squadron is heavy,
At the residence of the Queen the King held a levee.

Nineteenth, being Sunday, had prayers and special leave;
What a change of amusement these men had to meet;
Of what was to happen no one was then thinking;
No house in Honolulu was open for drinking.

Some went for a walk, of fruit not denied,
Like a parable in the Bible stopped on the road-side;
A gentleman at the door with politeness invited
These men to step in, who came out delighted.

As they emptied the room they saw there no lack—
To keep holy the sabbath there were Bibles and tracts;
And many were invited, but few did appear,
But from the road-side like our men that stopped here.

Shewed into a room, here was peace and no noise;
To see forty blue jackets made my friends surprised;
All listening some time, no one here was idle,
While a chapter was read to them out of the Bible.

After this they had prayers, what a change for these men;
 It may be a long day before they see this again;
 They then left this house, and a chapel soon sighted,
 With the minister, Macfarlane, they were quite delighted.

In this Independent Chapel were a hundred and more,
 And the place it was crowded quite up to the door;
 The text from St. Luke here was true to the letter;
 For these road-side sailors could not have been better.

Not like other men, the Pharisee exclaimed,—
 By his outward show he nothing had gained;
 The publican exclaimed, Save me, I'm a sinner,
 With truth and repentance to God was a winner.

He offered up a prayer in earnest to God—
 A few cases like this we have had in this squad;
 Our men they are many—some careless, some good:
 To pray when they like, they can't if they would.

But a sailor, if a Protestant or Catholic professes,
 Must attend on Sunday to hear the addresses;
 With duty and bustle, he is never at ease,
 And the sooner it's over the better he's pleased.

But when he's on leave, he has time then to think
 Of religion with pleasure,—and sometimes of drink;
 But this happy Sunday some will not forget,
 Nor the prayers for the fleet, and the kindness they met.

They heard some good singing—also a sweet prayer;
 About drink to kill time these men did not care;
 Each came to his ship, and much wiser men—
 A day like this Sunday to pass through again.

This will shew to the public, when to England we get,
 That drinking on Sunday religion affects:
 A boon it would be to mankind of every class
 If the bill for closing public houses should pass.

In the army and navy, and in civil life,
 Men walk on a Sunday to see the strange sights,
 And enter these houses before they will pass,
 And spend most their time with a friend o'er a glass.

Then close them, I say, it will be for the best:
 Six days shalt thou labour, the seventh take rest;
 If it's a custom with dinner to partake of some drink,
 The same could be bought before, I still think.

The twentieth, dressed ship in the grandest of style:
The King and his suite visited the fleet for a while,
And boarded the Liverpool—all was snug and serene:
He will look back with pleasure on all he has seen.

General leave for three Subs,—these men went on shore
For twenty-four hours, on pleasure once more;
In the evening a party our Consul invited,
Civilians and officers,—all seemed quite delighted.

The Queen she was there, very neat but not grand,
And for their amusement had Miss Phœbe's band;
While the people in town to come out did not care,
They had the band of the Liffey to play on their square.

Twenty-first, a dinner party Mr. Wodehouse now gave
To the officers of the fleet,—no trouble he spared
To make them all happy, enjoyment to reap,
Then wished them success as they rode on the deep.

Two years and a half he's been Consul here,
But to part from the squadron he'll perhaps drop a tear.
The band of the Liverpool played here until late,
While things passed pleasant the enjoyment was great.

Twenty-second, then for sea the fleet did prepare;
We took in live stock, mess-gear for our share;
At the residence of the Queen pleasure you could trace,
Where on a large scale a pic-nic took place.

Refreshments of all sorts, laid out with great taste
By men of the Endymion,—they had no time to waste;
Of eating and drinking there was a good share,
And abundance for all, and plenty to spare.

Of amusement and dancing here nothing was short,
For the band of Miss Phœbe much music had brought;
To keep them all moving we had to contrive,
And take but short rests to keep the game alive.

On the green just outside, where refreshments were laid,
The band of the Endymion was playing in the shade
Operatic music, performed very sweet,
To all the bystanders this was a fine treat.

The picnic was pleasant, and all ended well,
The good treatment we had to our friends we can tell;
All parties seemed anxious to enliven the day,
Nor thought about trouble or what was to pay.

To-morrow we leave them, and bid them adieu,
Good wishes for them in the fleet not a few ;
Their jubilee's over, fifty years have now passed
Since religion first started with this native class.

The American missionaries, who first came out here,
They have laboured very hard for fifty long years ;
Two ladies now living, who came here at the time,
Have sowed some good seed in these natives' mind.

Amusement our men they had upon shore,
The place is not rich, nor yet very poor ;
But to speak of the natives as a general remark,
About religion and Sunday they are not in the dark.

The twenty-third we sailed out with a favourable breeze,
And soon cleared the land, with this all seemed pleased :
While nothing occurred to make us hang back ;
But the Phœbe this day lost her stunsail tack.

The twenty-fourth, this morning, a breeze in our favour,
And nothing occurred to give the men labour ;
Had drill in the evening as onwards we steer,
In hopes to be home by the end of this year.

The galley of Miss Phœbe to repair her 'tis late,
For all her misdeeds she now meets her fate ;
By the Endymion was damaged, but now at her look,
To be burned down to ashes by Joe, the ship's cook.

Twenty-fifth, still a breeze, but we had a delay,
The Phœbe's top-gallant-sheet soon carried away ;
The Pearl's fore-top gallant-sail was rent all across,
While sailing quite easy, but this is no loss.

After pleasures on shore we meet with some grief,
A man from the Liverpool fell into the deep ;
Then a pendant soon hoisted, the fleet they lay to,
And a boat was soon lowered by their noble crew.

The Charybdis a boat she lowered then as well,
Eight knots we were running in a heavy swell ;
These men worked nobly their messmate to find,
But death claimed his frame from this noble line.

Such scenes out at sea make many hearts burn,
For they know not the moment that may be their turn.
He has left this fine fleet, and the sea is his grave,
But the goodness of God his soul He can save.

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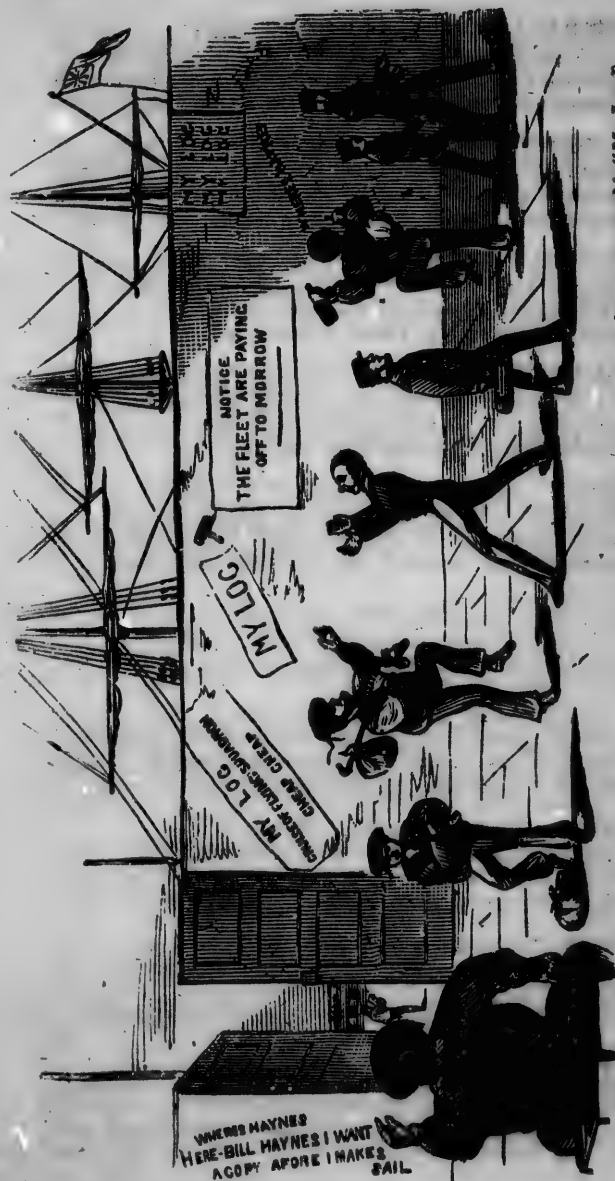
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Who would have been proud to have seen us with "My Log,"
To have learnt all particulars about the Flying Squad.

Shall we find all at home that bade us adieu?
Perhaps the cold hand of death has taken a few

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A long trip to Valparaiso our troubles begun,
The fore-topgallant mast of Miss Phœbe was sprung;
Twenty-sixth a good breeze, twenty-seventh the same still,
Eight knots we were running, in the evening had drill.

Twenty-eighth a nice breeze, some men full of antics,
For cleanliness and comfort a few washed their blankets;
Twenty-ninth a dull morning, with torrents of rain,
And the breeze through the day was changeable again.

The pleasures of this life with us are but few,
For rain, cold, and heat, we have to pass through;
But use is second nature, we all have to live,—
To pieces was torn Miss Phœbe's new jib.

The last day of June, the rain soon knocked down
The breeze that we had, then a calm all around;
In the evening a visit some Captains did pay
To the Admiral, to dine on this noted day.

The third part of my Log this day I must close,
As it get rather large as time comes and goes;
And our cruise it gets shorter, we want no reverses,
For now ends nine hundred and nineteen full verses.

PART IV.

IN the year eighteen seventy, on the first of July,
Slight breeze, general quarters, to obey orders we try:
As we pass on this cruise each one has a thought
Of respect for each other in peace to pay off.

The second, rather slack, and a little ahead,
But the south-easterly trades we have caught, it is said.
The third is much stronger, six knots we are sailing,
Church service and health, for few are now ailing.

The fourth, a fresh breeze; in the evening had drill;
Crossed the Line after six; our sails this breeze fills.
The heat was not great, as onward we stood,
While one fifty-seven nineteen west was our longitude.

The fifth, still a breeze, in our sails it did rattle:
Our Admiral for each ship had provided horned cattle,
For the benefit of health after crossing the Line.
Had drill, and Commanders with him went to dine.

Who would have been proud to have seen us with "My Log,"
To have learnt all particulars about the Flying Squad.

Shall we find all at home that bode us adieu?
Perhaps the cold hand of death has taken a few

The sixth, a fresh breeze, had general and fire quarters,
And killed the last beast as we cut through the waters
(You might ride on his back, and hold on by his tail):
And the flag-ship she rent her fore-top-mast staysail.

What a beautiful sight about twelve on this night,
The sky it was clear, and the moon shining bright:
If an enemy had appeared there would have been slaughter,
Such booming of cannon we had a night quarters.

The seventh still a breeze, what mishaps do we meet,
The flagship she lost her weather-royal-sheet,
Her lee-fore-royal-sheet carried away without warning,
Miss Phoebe's fore-royal-sail was rent on this morning.

For amusement horse-racing we have when at home,
But regettas in harbour we have as we roam;
This day the Charybdis, the Liffey, and Phoebe,
Tried their speed of sailing, which was not so seedy.

The Liffey to the windward she kept all the time,—
In this trial of speed she was first, you will find :
The Charybdis was next, to the windward as well ;
The Phoebe was last, the cause this will tell.

The Phoebe and Charybdis to the windward did tack,
The bows of the Liffey to cross on this track :
The lee fore-royal sheet of the Charybdis then started,
And Miss Phoebe's mainsail was rent and then parted.

Our mainsail we shifted, which threw us behind—
To pick up our losses we had not then time ;
All ships did their best, had all things went well,
Which would have been first it is still hard to tell.

After sailing eight hours this was brought to a close—
Ahead was the Liffey a mile and a half, I suppose—
Ahead of Miss Phoebe the Charybdis now went,
Came in a good second, about eight cables' length.

The climate of the West Indies our sails they still feel,
And the rottenness of our gear our speed at times steals ;
But still all her troubles at sea are not passed,
At night lost again our fore-top-gallant-mast.

About half-past nine we fell in with a squall ;
To prepare for this change there was not time to do all,
So away went our jib, also our mizen-royal ;
To prevent further damage our men had a trial.

Our fore-top-gallant-breast backstays now broke down,
And fore-top-gallant-rigging we also soon found ;
Then our fore-top cross-trees all smaller than linnets,
In the squall, rain, and wind, all was o'er in ten minutes.

Now about these mishaps we take little heed,
Though they give us much trouble, and slacken our speed.
Rough weather and climates all this we can stand,
To end this long cruise as soon as we can.

The eighth. a fresh breeze, general quarters, and ease :
To please the young ladies all gentlemen are pleased,
Especially if five ladies they have in their care,
They study their comfort, also their welfare.

The Liverpool's figure-head, the only gentleman of the
His assistance we have, as well as Great God's ; [squad,
He saw our great loss, just after daylight,
So he sent us a mast,—to assist he delights.

The ninth, a slight breeze, it would vary a bit :
The flagship in this her foresail got split ;
The tenth, a good breeze, and smoothly all sailing :
Being Sunday, had prayers and ease without railing.

The eleventh, a good breeze, in the evening a calm,
And then had sail drill,—to us did no harm ;
The twelfth, rather slack the breeze it was blowing :
Had drill, then a calm, and slowly all going.

Thirteenth, a fair wind, five knots through the waters
The fleet they were running, then had general quarters ;
Each man to his station, to man and arm boats ;
The weather still warm, we had time to make notes.

The fourteenth, very early, the breeze it was slack ;
A change very suddenly took us all aback ;
The officer and his watch, their work was commendable,
For the wind all this night it was rather changeable.

The fifteenth, a calm, general quarters, at ease,
And changeable still, expecting a breeze ;
On the sixteenth the same, and the days they draw in,
And the men seem contented, for pastime will sing.

The seventeenth, just moving, no wind all the day :
Church service, each muster, for the fleet then did pray ;
The eighteenth as bad—it was not our will :
In the evening some time was spent at sail drill.

The nineteenth was better, six knots we were running,
Just out of the tropics, some smiling and funning;
In the evening sail drill, before twelve, rather strange,
Taken aback was the Phœbe and Liffey in a change.

After twelve on the twentieth the rain came down pouring,
A fog from the clouds around us was louring,
And the breeze all but gone, and troubled was the water,
While sailing the Liffey came upon our port quarter.

Her bow lights were shining, though hidden in this fog,
And mercy was waiting for us from our great God;
Our bows then she crossed, with danger did rally,
As she came near our stern to see our new galley.

Our captain hailed the Liffey in the midst of this danger,
With troubles at sea he is not a stranger;
Signal lights we then hoisted, the Liffey did too,
To prevent a collision all were anxious to do.

Around the compass's three-quarters the Phœbe went,
Both ships to keep clear of a wreck they were bent;
For it's not very pleasant to have a watery grave—
To meet this contented all are cowards, though brave.

We put down our screw when danger we neared,
Condensing at the time, with enough steam to keep clear;
But this was not wanted,—we kept free from each other,
To forget this mishap till we meet with another.

Now all things were righted about three o'clock;
Our suspense and our labours will soon be forgot.
Other dangers we treat with lightness and joking,
But fouling is serious,—our pipe is for smoking.

This is one out of many narrow escapes we have had,
And more we shall meet,—to lose life would be sad
After travelling so far, and all things are braved
To return once more home,—we wish to be saved.

This morning before ten general quarters for drill,
Before two tacked about at our Admiral's will,
And picked up a breeze at seven knots the hour:
He's gifted with judgment, also ruling power.

Twenty-first still was good, seven knots all the day,
Had magazine drill as we rolled on our way;
Twenty-second much stronger, but not like a gale,
Though it set us all rolling, and rent were our sails.

The fore-sail of the flagship was rent in twain,
When replaced by another it shared just the same;
The Liffey's fore-top-sail then met the same fate,
The fore-top-sail sheet of the Endymion rent late.

The Charybdis' fore-topmast-sheet halyards now went,
Her fore and main-royal were both of them rent;
As the breeze now increased we found plenty to do,
From nine to ten knots we the waters ran through.

The Phœbe's fore-topsail-sheet now also soon broke,
The mishaps from rolling all had was no joke;
Her martingale snapp'd, fore-topgallant-mast-rope
Gave way, without danger to life, we all hope.

But the mast it came down on the fore-topsail-yard,
Had it come on deck some would have shared hard;
For the watch were at work very near this breeze,
And a few were aloft upon the cross-trees.

But all was soon righted, while making good speed,
When the work it was done, of the past took no heed,
For we hoped this fine breeze would drive us along,
And shorten our distance between here and home.

Twenty-third all was well, as the breeze had got stronger
And our summer routine we continued no longer;
But the flagship's foresail was now rent at ease,
And the Endymion's fore-topsail it went by degrees.

Twenty-fourth, rather stormy, ten knots we made good,
Divine service we had to return thanks we all should:
Thirty-seven eight south was our latitude,
One fifty-six fifty-four west was our longitude.

Twenty-fifth, a fair wind all the day it was blowing;
Twenty-sixth, just the same, and all nicely going:
Miss Phœbe's top-mast stunsail was then rent across,
While the flag-ship lay-to,—perhaps a man she had lost.

Twenty-seventh, the Phœbe, while the breeze was the same,
Her main-topmast stunsail was rent again. [out;
Twenty-eighth, all was well, should this breeze still hold
We shall make a quick passage to Valparaiso, no doubt.

Twenty-ninth, sailing well, we had general quarters,
Ball practice our duty, as we ran through the waters.
The first cutter of the Phœbe, the pride of the fleet,
Nearly met with destruction this day on the deep.

We got her on board, her damage to make good,
To take any challenge, if healthy, she would.
Forty-one thirty-five south was our latitude,
Then trace back the latitude as onwards we stood.

On the thirtieth for a time, the breeze had abated;
But sprang up again rather fresh as here stated;
In rain and a fog all the fleet they were going,
To keep us from fouling our fog-horns were blowing.

Thirty-first, still was foggy and muggy all day,
Big guns as a caution keep firing away:
The main-top-sail sheet carried away when the breeze
Was moderate, so the Phoebe she stood this with ease.

Church service we had this morning and prayers,
The gospel to hear and forget our past cares:
The fore-top gallant-sail of the Liffey rent in twain,
Signal guns all the day were firing again.

On August the first, the breeze fresh and fair,
When the Liffey's flying-jib and fore-royal did tear;
The second, the flag-ship's fore-topsail rent across,
And the mainsail of the Phoebe as the waves us did toss.

For the breeze it was strong, and the sea had great power,
Two hundred and seventy-seven run in twenty-four hours,
While forty fifty south was our latitude,
And one hundred and seven three west was our longitude.

General and fire quarters,—without hesitation,—
The Pearl on the third took up her right station,
And the maintopsail was rent of the Liffey this day,
And the maintopsail of the Liverpool carried away.

The fourth, a fair wind, general muster we had,
And our characters read out—for a few this was sad;
After the articles of war to keep ourselves warm,
We gave in slop bills to go round the Horn.

The fifth, very steady, and still a light breeze,
The sixth was the same,—all moving at ease,—
The seventh, being Sunday, had prayers—sang a psalm—
No breeze for a time, but almost a calm.

The eighth, very steady, the breeze it was blowing,
Sail drill in the evening to make our youths knowing;
The ninth was the same, and smooth were the waters,
A boat would be safe for our sweethearts and daughters.

The tenth, and no change, which made the fleet smile,
Our distance from Valparaiso was four hundred miles ;
General quarters, six knots we ran by our measure,
This will be a fine passage, for us a great pleasure.

The eleventh, rather fair, in the evening sail drill,
Ball practice with small arms,—marines had their fill ;
The twelfth, a fair breeze,—the change through the day,—
Cleared ship and made ready for Valparaiso, they say.

The thirteenth, a light breeze, but land we soon sighted,
And passed a few sail—with this were delighted ;
Here a calm, then a breeze, as the land we came near
Then put out to sea, from mishaps to keep clear.

The fourteenth, very early, near the land we lay too :
To be early in harbour all wanted to do ;
At daylight made sail, rough seas at this time,
Brought our fleet into harbour a little before nine.

Single line and reefed topsails, our fleet they sailed in,
While grand looked the snow on Andes mountain ;
Merchant shipping was here, but spectators few
Assembled to watch us, as some places do.

The jib of the Charybdis, while trying to sail in,
Was rended, and losses again did begin ;
Mizen-topsail of the Pearl, and Phœbe's mainsail,
Carried away coming in, rather rough, not a gale.

A man-of-war called the Donau, or Austria, lay here,
A French man-of-war—both saw us draw near ;
And the Satellite and Fawn then fired a salute,
And the batteries on shore they soon followed suite.

No sort of excitement, or shore-going boats,
Was visible here to see us or take notes ;
Fourteen days the last cruise—a fine breeze made us smile,
As it brought us three thousand and twenty-two miles.

Our passage from Honolulu took fifty-two days :
Out of this eight days' calm, and had peace with the waves ;
The next fourteen days were the best we have had—
Seven thousand one hundred sixty-six,—not so bad.

The fifteenth, all busy, kept the Prince Imperial's birthday,
Of the French,—ships all dressed out and looked gay ;
A salute then was fired—what could we do less ?
To forget this respect we should make a sad mess.

New sails for the fleet each ship got this day,
To brave the rough weather, and make good headway;
Flying ladies like dresses, if the breezes should blow,
In favour of England, where we all want to go.

Many thanks to the Admiralty and lady dress-makers
For supplying all our wants as punctually as Quakers;
May their hopes for the squadron in nothing be blighted,
To return back in safety all will be delighted.

The sixteenth, Admiral Hornby had something to do,
With the Admiral of Austria had an interview,
A salute then was fired from all of our ships,—
His visit to us was respect and friendship.

All hands are now busy each ship to refit,—
To prepare for all weather upon our next trip;
The harbour was still, though merchantmen many
Came out to the squadron—there scarcely was any.

The seventeenth, cleaning ships and refitting again,
To keep us in order is everyone's aim;
All ships in the harbour were dressed and looked gay,
And salutes for the Emperor of Austria's birthday.

The eighteenth our yards were hoisted complete,
To carry their sails across the rough deep;
While refitting ships all works they go on—
All pleasures for us this cruise are now gone.

Nineteenth was the same, all busy at work
From daylight till dark, but it does us no hurt;
But a little more ease all men they would like—
All may prove for the best when Old England we sight.

Twentieth, still busy, all ships they are cleaning—
To think about rest, would only be dreaming;
Our spirits have improved with bread and fresh beef;
For forty-eight hours one watch went on leave.

Twenty-first it was Sunday, church service and ease,
With this day of rest all men they were pleased;
While men upon leave past pleasures were tracing
Enjoyment and mirth they had in horse-racing.

The men of the Endymion subscribed a round sum
For races this day on the "Play Ance" to be run;
No horse to be ridden but by one of the fleet,
To give the civilians a Flying Squad treat.

Six races were started with taste and great tact,
And laughable it was to see our brave Jacks;
For all sorts of dresses they had to the clown,
And people to see them were thousands from town.

Their antics on horseback was sport you could see;
For all that they wanted was to get up a spree;
No accident or growling, though some of them fell;
They had a fine day, and all ended well.

To complete this day's sport they had old Aunt Sally,
And men from all quarters around her did rally;
All sports they went through, with drink some were hot—
This day at Valparaiso will not be forgot.

Many officers and men were to be seen on the ground,
And people of all nations were there from the town;
With the naval horse-racing they all seemed quite pleased,
And the hungry six that crossed through their seas.

Twenty-second coaling ships and caulking this day
To assist us through calms when we get on our way;
But the caulking we wanted very bad in all parts
To keep the fleet dry when to old England she starts.

All ships are like ladies with holes in their dress,
Till they are repaired in comfort can't rest;
And these flying ladies are proud to appear
Respectable and try to pay off still this year.

Twenty-third, caulking still to keep us from grief,
For forty-eight hours one watch went on leave;
The first had returned, very few here we lost,—
To deserters out here very dear it would cost.

Twenty-fourth, still was caulking and stores taking in,
To prepare now for sea the fleet did begin;
We took in provisions and all sorts of gear,
To keep us from want as homewards we steer.

They call the Flying Squadron the hungry six as a rule,
But the founder of this name was only a fool;
We have always had plenty, and something to spare,
Of rations though salted we have had a good share.

Twenty-fifth, still refitting and stores taking in;
To return condemned gear we now did begin;
A new fore-top gallant mast, and a spare spar,
We got for those damaged, which was better by far.

Twenty-sixth, bent our sails to make ready for sea :
A ball on the Endymion this day,—not a spree ;
A ball and theatricals the Liffey she had,
To enliven this day for those that were sad.

The visitors from shore were only a few,
Who came to the ball to bid us adieu.
As we go round this cruise we meet with some one,
That we knew when at home in days that are gone.

As we visit each place fresh acquaintance we make,
For their information much trouble we take ;
Especially from officers, who show them respect,
To explain every item they never neglect.

These balls and theatricals passed off with great glee,
And at parting they wished us success when at sea :
They enjoyed a good dance while the bands they were
playing,

About seeing some again they say there's no saying.

Our Admiral and Captains they all took a trip,
To Coquimbo, for pleasure,—no doubt had a nip ;
Three days they were absent,—this day they returned,—
Many praises these gentlemen for the squadron have
earned.

Twenty-seventh, all are busy in taking in stores,
And talking of Prussia and France with their sores ;
Of what this might lead to we have to take heed,
So we leave here to-morrow for England with speed,

Twenty-eighth, Sunday morning,—our mail just arrived,—
And people on shore they seem all alive ;
But we cannot speak well of this place in the main,
Nor the people and their habits or yet a good name.

They have no accommodation for men upon shore,
They all grasp for money,—though they are not poor ;
The police regulations are rather severe,
Refreshments and lodgings are both scarce and dear.

Respectable houses they have but a few,
To get in good company you have plenty to do ;
For sailors want drink to pass away time,
And visit all places till this they can find.

Public-houses out here both sex they invite,
To drink with each other from morning till night ;
No amusement we found or places of pleasure,
So sports we got up for them at our leisure.

No doubt they have learnt the ways of the fleet,
Good company most men are anxious to meet ;
And not to sit drinking in vice and in dirt :
Good morals we want,—but theirs does us hurt.

An opera they have got it is true,—but what then?—
A threepenny gaff has been seen by most men ;
Tea gardens they have,—at first sight you say, oh !
There's drinking and gambling,—this looks rather low.

All streets they look dirty, though we had a wet day,
Cheap travelling you get in town by tramway,
And cabs and old horses come cheap by degrees,
Enjoyment for many as we rode out at ease.

A benefit in town the people will reap,
For thousands of pounds have been spent by the fleet ;
Each man that took "compo" two months he was paid
In dollars for spending,—his comforts to aid.

To-morrow we leave them, with pleasure wish them well,
Of what they have seen in years they can tell ;
As children grow up of us they will speak
With praise and remembrance of us on the deep.

About five in the evening we left at our will,
And thousands assembled on the beach and the hills
To see us sail out—from them soon to part ;
The Liverpool and Pearl got up steam until dark.

We went out by numbers, and all ended well,
Four sailing, two steaming, the sea had a swell ;
We got out all clear before twelve the same night,
All ships riding well, and nicely in sight.

The Austrian man-of-war this day sailed out,
Some say homeward bound also is her route ;
The Charybdis we left, and bade her adieu,
Her months on this station will be but a few.

She has seen some good service—been out a long time ;
All men then are anxious their relief soon to find,
And wish to see England—her men now begin—
When we left her behind the Satellite we took in.

Great danger and cold, but still had great God
To spare them in mercy to join the Flying Squad ;
In cold and hot weather the Satellite had to roam,
But now gets the order with us to go home.

On her homeward bound trip we wish her much joy,
To keep up with the Squadron we know she will try;
Being so long in commission, she has seen wear and tear,
To pay off and give leave is nothing but fair.

Since the day they first met on the ocean to roam,
Some few they have missed,—gone to their last home;
But those that are spared to arrive home with the squad,
May they always find favour in the sight of great God.

May health and prosperity now homeward bound last,
And repay them for all experience now past;
None dangers they've seen than most of our squad;
No doubt to our critics this sounds very odd.

She is a corvette, with guns seventeen,—
Has had some good service—hardships she has seen;
Great danger and misery her men saw before,
And a medal will have for the Abyssinian war.

She was put in commission eighteen sixty-six,
Twenty-sixth of October with changes to mix;
In Devonport commissioned by one Captain Edye
Two hundred and seventy-five, of a crew not so seedy.

Twenty-third of November from Plymouth sailed out
To take up her station in the east then her route;
Happy homes and their families some men left behind
To spend a few years out in foreign climes.

Their passage to Maderia was good in all ways;
No roughness of weather,—went there in eight days;
December the first they arrived—all was well,
But what was before them in the east, who could tell?

They left on the seventh,—then sailed for the Cape;
To meet troubles at sea it is never too late;
January the twenty-first at the Cape they arrived
To refit a little they then did contrive.

Their passage was good, they could not complain,
Sometimes a dead calm and then half a gale;
February the first left for Singapore,
To pass through such seas they'd not seen before.

On the ninth day of March they arrived at this place,
And gladness was visible in everyone's face;
For they wanted a change, and a run upon shore,
Salt rations at sea makes some men look poor.

They lay here for sometime and recruited their strength,
On the first of July to Penang Island they went;
And arrived on the seventh, for them was no choosing,
In the straits for ten weeks they had to stay cruising.

Eighteen sixty-seven, the nineteenth of July,
They left Penang harbour fresh changes to try;
When piracy and murder these crimes had increased,
On the Nicobar Islands, notorious in the East.

His Highness Prince Abdul-Meejid and staff,
In the Satellite sailed to assist; and came back
After tracing these pirates and stopping their trade,
For great was the havoc of late they had made.

When they see a small ship false colours they hoist,
To barter with goods these men would entice;
Then the ship they would board, and feast like gluttons,
Then run them on shore, and soon them they scuttle.

Windward Islands they visited, to find the right place,
Where pirates were living lost ships there to trace;
Great Nicobar Island, twenty-third of July,
They came to and anchored, to land had to try.

Here the crew of the Futtah-Islam were murdered out-
This bark she was scuttled when plunder was ripe; [right,
With pirates out here, very numerous and bold,
This place is notorious, these pirates' stronghold.

The Satellite was anchored in the open bay,
The village of Trinket they saw the same day;
Their marines here they landed, and seamen as well,
Some Madras infantry our force here to swell.

But the pirates escaped, and flew to the jungle,
At the loss on both sides there was nothing to grumble;
All their property they left, as they flew in great fear,
In dwellings found arms, ammunition, and ship's gear.

Impossible to follow them—we took their live stock;
We burnt down their villages—for them this was hot;
Here a cocoa nut tree, two hundred feet high,
Fell down, killed a seaman who was standing by.

Left here the same night—all men they felt weary,
But anchored next morning in the harbour Nancouverie;
The handsome village Enounga, and others found here,
When they saw this fine ship, they ran in great fear.

Six men they here captured—made prisoners of war ;
To find out all pirates and punish them by law,
Examined them separately—no stranger but one
Was living on the island, and the pirates were gone.

This stranger, a girl about seven years of age,
To trace out her history our time did engage ;
Her father and mother brought her here in some ship—
Her father was murdered, in the prime of life nipped.

This girl and her mother were taken on shore ;
Cruel treatment they had—the worst was not o'er,
For the pirate who took them for safety moved further :
The girl left behind—her mother he murdered.

A chief took the girl, as a hostage to keep :
The cruelties of pirates would make many weep ;
In Nancouvrie harbour all this it took place—
All women taken prisoners, men murdered we trace.

The hearts of all men are not made of stone,
That brutes like these pirates we should leave alone ;
Especially when women are slaughtered like beasts,
The heart of a sailor for revenge will increase.

Their village we burnt, for them 'twas sad news,
Destroyed all their property, also their canoes,—
Sent one of our prisoners to the chief to demand
The release of this girl to keep her from harm.

As we live in this world through scenes we all go ;
How one half are living the others don't know ;
But a girl of seven years all this to go through,
The pirates, and murder, to forget she cannot do.

The demand it was granted—to us she was handed ;
To teach them a lesson, a force now was landed ;
They flew in great fright to escape from our fire ;
Cold and hunger they suffered before we retired.

Twenty-ninth of July to Comata they went,—
A naval brigade ashore here was sent ;
Winter clothing here found, books, and other gear,
But the pirates all ran from us in great fear.

Then to the Island of Ta-Kashim we went
To find out these murderers our Captain was bent ;
Here evidence of piracy we found through the day,
Our boats now were sent to Ho-kou Bay.

On August the ninth steamed to Ackeen Head,
Determined satisfaction to have for the dead,
Whose lives they were taking their maker to meet
In a brig that was called the Spirit of the Deep.

Her crew they were murdered by pirates for wealth ;
The Brig it was scuttled—none came to their help ;
We sent to the Rajah, who was ill at the time,
For all the information for us he could find.

The brother of this Rajah with us had to meet,
And said he knew nothing about the Spirit of the Deep ;
But her wreck was found here in shallow water,
By every appearance her crew had no quarter.

The Rajah being ill, sent for a wise man,
The Koran or Bible to explain when he can ;
Our Captain a conference with the Rajah then had,
The explanation he got it was not so bad.

The Tamerlaw, Prussian brig, had foundered out here,
Our Captain determined to see things put clear ;
When all was arranged Captain Edye came back,
And the Rajah to have half what he saved from the wreck.

Soon they sailed out, about troubles kept silence,
And made good their way to Nicobar Island ;
Then to Ackeen Head, Singapore, then made sail
To Trincomalee, they fell in with a gale.

And then to Bombay and Aden they went,
For men and war stores for Abyssinia were sent ;
Two months here they lay, then got on their way,
Twenty-eighth of December they made Annesley Bay.

Of what they went through they cared not a toss,
Before they left here they had a great loss
In their Captain, whose judgment they still did require
In the war of Abyssinia, before he retired.

Captain Edye on shore had been to a party,
In spirits and health he seemed to be hearty ;
But when he returned he was taken ill,
And death defied doctors, and all other skill.

Respected he was by all his ship's crew,
But the debt he has paid we all must go through ;
As Commander of the Britannia his brother we trace,
To the Satellite, as Captain, in his brother's place.

January the twenty-seventh, eighteen sixty-nine,
They left then for Suez, other changes to find;
Here took in more stores,—six weeks here they lay,
On the twenty-eighth of March they made Annesley Bay.

Their stores here they landed the army to aid,
And the men went on shore to join the brigade.
On the twentieth of June they left here for good,—
To be thankful for rest I think these men should.

The campaign it was nothing but labour and fatigue,
Our Naval Brigade of this took no heed;
While the war went on with guns, bows, and arrows,
One shot from a farmer would kill more sparrows.

At Aden again they arrived in great glee,
July the sixteenth made Trincomalee.
They left for Madras, and then Singapore,
And then to Wau-Wau, where they had not been before.

The thirtieth of August they arrived at Hong-Kong,
To forget Abyssinia, and the sights that were gone;
Arrived at Nancourie the twenty-ninth of September,
And went to Shanghai, which they still do remember.

Then back to Nancourie they soon had to go,
And then too a trip of seven days to Heago;
The Satellite encountered great danger some days,
But for her exertions she will have great praise.

For a lesson they have given to nations out here
To be remembered by all and the Satellite for years;
And then to Yokohama—many changes here seen—
Went round the Hakodati September seventeenth.

The weather at Hakodati very cold they all found,
As low as fifteen the thermometer went down;
Hakodati had fallen in the hands of the retainers
Of the old Tycoon,—to him we were strangers.

Before we arrived all this it took place,
And nearly stopped trade, and some it disgraced;
Strange customs at times we find in this quarter,
And this you will find to procure you fresh water.

It is brought off in tubs, and watched like a mouse,
At a dollar per ton, from their custom-house:
Here provisions are scarce, and always are dear,—
Then relieved by the Cormorant we left her out here.

After leaving off steaming, we cleared away ashes,
And found then before us a very rough passage,
Of four thousand miles over an unpleasant track,
In the dead of the winter,—of work we'd no lack.

We made little head-way, trying then to sail easterly,
But the cold we experienced at times it was beastly.
January the twenty-sixth, the weather unsettled,
The rain and the squalls tried all the men's metal.

January the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-nine,
Wind all to the west, still squally at times.

January the thirtieth, in the morning a calm,
The thermometer was falling, which gives us alarm.

January the thirty-first, the breeze now increased,
Through the sign of bad weather no one could have peace;
And soon we experience a very strong gale,
So the ship was put under her close-reefed topsails.

We then battened down, and all in a stew,
While the force of the wind fell from ten down to two ;
To the opposite direction the wind it soon changed,
To face these cross seas we had to arrange.

At night had a calm,—for how long who could tell ?
The wind was so changable, the sea had its swell.
February the first, the breeze not appeased,
Blowing steady and strong, our headway increased.

In squalls of the snow they then intermix,
In parallel north about forty-six ;
A circular storm I think we passed through,
Very common out here as your course you pursue.

The second, a strong breeze, the third it was stronger,
Every appearance of bad weather,—carried royals no
longer ;

Then close reefed our topsails to face this rough sea,
And made all as snug as possible could be.

How lucky they had prepared for roughness in time,
The wind to the east, the glass twenty-nine ;
As the day it broke forth, we soon had a storm,
Which made some wish they had never been born.

Heavy seas, and the wind terrific was blowing,—
They took in great seas,—their decks overflowing ;
And everything moving, and rolling about,
To preserve life and limb they had to look out.

With bruises and falls some men they were sore,
No man in this ship such scenes saw before ;
But God shewed his mercy to them and their sails
Or none would have lived to have told this sad tale.

Some thought from this world with death to make peace :
Now the breeze it got stronger, but veered to the east ;
The sun in its splendour was shining all round,
As if to give help—the storm to put down.

All stood in great fear, with seas were wet through,
The infuriated elements kept the sun from their view ;
All hopes were now gone—which they saw at the first,
So nothing was left, but to wait for the worst.

In a wonderful manner their sails they held on,
Down to twenty-eight their glass it had gone ;
The wind again shifted,—they lost their jibboom,
And the waves their port boats washed away very soon.

February the fifth, the storm had abated,
Eighteen sixty-nine, our condition we hated ;
The position of the ship was brought to the lee,
By the neglect of a man at the helm we could see.

What a horrible time these men had out here,
To go down with the ship they all had some fear ;
All orders obeying, in silence then waiting
For a lull or a change some men to be stating.

But strict were the orders to save all the lives
Of two hundred and fifty—with skill, but no noise ;
The wind now to pity us veered round, gave us way
On our starboard tack on this trying day.

But during this storm our wheel rope got broke ;
To replace it again there still was some hope ;
The coxswain of the Captain, while fitting a new one,
Was killed on the spot—from this world soon was gone.

This death in this storm a gloom it had cast
Of sorrow in the ship, and long it will last ;
When the storm it was gone, they put on more sail,
But until the ninth they had this strong gale,

At this death, what a sight of horror arose ! [suppose ;
His brains were knocked out, through the rope they
His death unexpected—his friends they will weep
When they hear the sad news of his fate on the deep.

The wind now it shifted, they missed their port boats ;
South-west they where steering, had nothing to note ;
February the eighteenth, eighteen sixty-nine,
They arrived at Vancouver's, this storm left behind.

Vancouver's they left, eighteenth of September,
For the Mexican coast they long will remember ;
In eighteen and seventy, the twenty-eighth of sweet May,
Arrived at Valparaiso, for the squadron here lay.

They lay here for sometime, some busy in thought
About the Flying Squadron,—to be here soon they ought.
The fifteenth of August they joined this flying route,
And took up their station the day we sailed out.

Twenty-ninth a light breeze, but a little ahead,
And took up our stations, by the Liverpool all led ;
A head breeze, though but light, on the thirtieth we had,
So the fleet got up steam, with this all were glad.

The jib of the Phœbe was now rent again,
Thirty-first left off steaming sometime about ten ;
The breeze was too strong to make good headway,
We passed Juan Fernandez rather late on this day.

If you read Robinson Crusoe, Selkirk, you will find,
On this island alone he was left behind ;
His time passed with parrots, with goats had to play,
There are but few families living there to this day.

Selkirk was a Scotchman, and took to the sea,
With the mate of his ship he could not agree ;
His history read, you will find this all true,—
Target practice and quarters this day we went through.

The first of September, almost a dead calm,
Had inspection of bedding to keep us from harm ;
To keep things in order each man has a will,
This morning the fleet had magazine drill.

On the second a light breeze, and it rather bad,
Ball practice with small arms our marines this day had ;
To be noted as marksmen, to try some men will,
In the evening the fleet all went to sail drill.

The third a good breeze, the fleet sailing well,
And all in their stations, for how long who can tell?
As a signal was made to lower down a boat,
To visit the flagship and bring off a note.

They asked us to lend them a main-topgallant-staysail,
To assist them, if needed, in a storm or a gale;
They never lose time when they catch a good breeze,
To make us sail smartly our Admiral is pleased.

Our Admiral is ruler, and forms many plans
To assist these flying ladies wherever he can;
As man first found help through the loss of one rib,
The Satellite he assisted,—sent them his flying jib.

She is now in our family,—to keep up she is trying,
Many miles she has travelled, but now takes to flying;
To return back to England, many pleasures to win
From friends upon shore when once we come in.

The fourth, still a breeze, running longitude down,
To pick up a breeze, the Horn to go round.
Church service we have always when ever we can,—
Births in the Phœbe this day of two pretty lambs.

The fifth, a dead calm, the sea was quite smooth,—
To be home by November, we have no time to lose;
At eleven this morning three got up their steam,
To assist one another we all of us mean.

The Liverpool was towed by the Endymion at ease,
The Liffey by the Phœbe,—like a pond was the sea;
Satellite by the Pearl, in friendship we live;
In the evening shifted boom that carries our jib.

We are steaming in pairs at sea—this looks grand—
And buried this day was one of the band:
He belonged to the Liffey, had disease of the heart,
Which ended his cruising—from us he had to part.

The deep was his grave,—no headstone or holly,
To mark out the place, but they gave him three volleys,
Which is not very usual in this Flying Squad,
We hope that his spirit will find favour with God.

The sixth, still a calm, for a change there is room;
This morning all shifted their useful jib-boom,
And then after dinner had to shift it again,—
To give the men practice is our Admiral's aim.

A little breeze now sprung up, to steam we don't care,
As the breeze it got stronger it proved to be fair;
So we put on plain sail, with speed did contrive,
To leave off our steaming sometime before five.

The seventh, a fair wind ; fire and general quarters,
We practised our duty to learn on the water :
In the evening sail drill,—had a little mishap—
Fore-topmast stunsail-yard of Phœbe was snapped.

Our Admiral prepared us for rounding the Horn,
For he knows to meet trouble each man he is born :
The fleet he now dressed with sails that were new :
The Satellite to keep up has all she can do.

The eighth, a fair breeze, and nothing amiss,
We soon had a change, you will see just by this ;
For we had a thick fog, the breeze got no higher,
But every half hour big guns had to fire.

The ninth, the same breeze, about seven knots the hour,
To keep in her station Satellite had not power ;
Though she puts on all sail she is able to carry,
While we shorten sail, for her we've to tarry.

Our time on the cruise she will make it much longer.
Much time we are losing as the breeze it gets stronger ;
But in a light breeze she is not so lame :
Phœbe's fore-topmast stunsail was then rent again.

The tenth, a fine breeze, but losses we met,
All tossing about, our decks they were wet :
The fore-topmast stunsail of the flag-ship was rent :
To drive the fleet on our Admiral is bent.

The jib of the Satellite was then rent as well,
She carries much canvas to keep up we can tell.
The mizen-top-sail sheet of the Pearl carried away,
And both her top-gallant sails were rent on this day.

If this breeze should last, around the Horn we shall soon
Beat clear,—the Endymion lost two of her booms ;
This night it was squally, and cold was our lot :
The last hour of this night we ran fifteen knots.

The weather gets colder as homeward we go,
Each watch during the night they have hot cocoa ;
The eleventh the same breeze,—a merchant we saw
Before us was running, her we overhauled.

She was going round the Horn, but we soon passed her
To sail with the Squadron 'twas useless to try ; [by ;
Between the Liffey and Phœbe she dropped to the rear,
While lights they were shining for her to keep clear.

This morning was cold, with rain and small hail ;
This day had much rolling, we passed other sail ;
To bespeak them with signals, 'twas no use then us trying,
They would know who we were as we passed them all
flying.

But the Satellite was miserable, as onwards we went ;
All her decks they were wet, and her mainsail was rent ;
She carries all the canvas she's able to bear,
To get home with the Squadron is all that she cares.

The remainder of the day the weather was bad,—
Eleven knots an hour—our time it was sad ;
The next morning, the twelfth, we had a stiff gale,
Of danger and losses we can tell a long tale.

The Liverpool and Liffey and Endymion all found,
To submit to wet decks, in a gale they were bound ;
Mess, gear, and men's clothing, with seas were washed
The Satellite and Pearl were I fear battened down. [round,
For the sea had great power, and the waves they were
short, [thought ;

And as we passed through them, of home some men
But the Squadron got parted for a time in this gale ;
To say we went flying around the Horn is no tale.

If you lose your sea legs to laugh some begin,
A wave came and washed our quarter-port in ;
And the cabin of our Captain with water was soaking,
A seafaring life on this cruise is no joking.

Our hammocks this day they never got stowed,
The rain and the wind tremendous it blowed ;
No distinction with us is made day or night,
The sea has no favourites, we all share alike.

Experience gives wisdom as men they grow wise,
The care of our Admiral has this exercised ;
If a pet in a family you have, and him nursed,
To leave you quite suddenly he generally goes first.

Like our racing cutter, the pride of the fleet,
For winning all races she had run on the deep ;
But, alas, in a gale a wave took away
This cutter and one davit, quite suddenly this day.

This wave with great power washed over our sides,
Then through our skylights, and made a great noise ;
On the table of the wardroom it came with a crash,
And made a clean sweep, our crockery was smashed.

They were then sitting down to dine,—weather murky,
And feasting they were upon their last turkey;
The chairs were sent flying, and things not a few.
To keep from great laughter 'twas all they could do.

All huddled together down on the lee side,
Their sea legs had left them for a time to abide;
But they took it quite calmly, and soon cleared away,
Knives and forks they held up from the deck as they lay.

One saved a pet lamb, another a ham bone,
And the minister with his plate to his cabin went alone;
For a time what confusion, and cracking of sides
With laughter and scrambling, none could from this hide.

A gentleman's life in the navy is trying,
At mishaps at sea it's no use to be sighing;
To have all things pleasant it is useless to wish—
They will miss many pleasures, and at times a rich dish.

Some join it in wealth, not a living to gain,
But for honour and experience,—to aspire to great fame;
And others through life their condition to better,
Many years they must spend to attain to this letter.

Thirteenth, separated in this gale for a time,
But three kept together, which formed the lee line;
To weather the Horn all are doing their best,
The gale keeps all busy,—they have little rest.

We had a hailstorm, rather cold at the time,
All ships now in sight, but not all in line;
The gale still was raging, not a murmur did we utter;
Here the Pearl was deprived of her starboard cutter.

The Liverpool's mizen-topsail was rent—we had rain,
And the Liffey's main-topsail it shared just the same;
But many more losses in the fleet have taken place
Than which are here mentioned—there's no time to trace.

The fourteenth, a change, the gale is all gone,
Steady breeze, it is blowing us all nicely on;
The Horn we have rounded, and men now can smile
When they speak of the gale and the weather so mild.

How thankful are all for getting new sails
To carry them safely through these passing gales;
And now homeward bound, we shall hail with a cheer,
The old fireside by the fall of this year.

Look back a few weeks, when we thought of the Horn,
To round it then seemed like a hope quite forlorn ;
With forethought and judgment, new sails they've saved
A few of the squadron from a watery grave.

Most sails and our gear are out of repair,
Through age and hardships they have had wear and tear ;
Spring time round the Horn, the cold was not great :
Our glass run from forty down to thirty-eight.

Fifteenth, a fair breeze and strong night and day,
The Satellite had trouble to keep her headway ;
In the morning in front, then she dropped to the rear :
Wet decks, heavy rolling, she had for her share.

In the evening her church pennant on the Liverpool was
A funeral they had, no use her men sighing ; [flying--
For all must meet death, though it causes much grief,
To pass from this life, to be left in the deep.

Sixteenth, the same breeze drove us quick on our way,
Two hundred and seventy knots run in this day ;
But two charming ladies sail in the lee line,
Since sporting new dresses, one lingers behind.

Nothing bad in Miss Liffey we yet can discern ;
We mean no offence by shewing her our stern ;
Miss Phoebe sails well, in a breeze takes her ease,
With Miss Liffy's company she always is pleased.

Seventeenth, a strong breeze, and at night half a gale :
To describe all our misery would be a sad tale ;
All decks they were wet, things rolling about,
To keep your sea legs you had to look out.

The sea it looked boiling, produced the white horse,
And the waves in our sails at times she would toss ;
All men holding on, from falling then trying,
These lurches with seas sent many things flying.

The royal and flying jib of Phoebe was rent,
For joining this squadron many men now repent ;
All seafaring men are used to rough weather,
But our Flying Squadron bangs them all put together.

The Satellite's fore and fore-top gallant-sail,
And fore-top-sail was rent this day in a gale ;
The clue of the jib and main-top gallant-sheet
Of the Liverpool this day carried away on the deep.

As daylight came on this half-gale got stronger,
 We saw by the glass we should have it much longer ;
 The white horse all round looked as white as a miller,
 When suddenly Miss Phœbe was deprived of her tiller.

Now the waves had great power, and put some in terror,
 While the fleet rode the waves as light as a feather ;
 Some high upon billows a rolling you'd see,
 While some below knowing in their place soon would be.

The wind it kept howling with a threatening noise,
 The thumping we get would many surprise ;
 For wave after wave they come with a crash,
 And make our ships tremble, and mess gear smash.

A miserable night for the fleet to behold,
 Not knowing their fate : at times our bell tolled ;
 But to keep us still floating most men they have thought,
 And move very smartly when ordered aloft.

Eighteenth, still the same, we found at daylight,
 That only three ships of the squadron in sight.
 As the day it advances we shall see them somewhere :
 Too rough for divisions or even church prayer.

You can see all are miserable by the look of their face,
 Wet clothes and all slipping, there is no dry place :
 In misery our food we partake when the hunger
 Is telling on nature,—at this we don't wonder.

When sitting at table some fall and some stoop,
 Some sighing, some laughing, to see their pea-soup,
 And mustard, and pepper, as well as mess gear,
 Sent flying in all directions, and clothing besmear.

For sailors at sea, in the worst of rough weather,
 Will laugh when a wave sends you flying altogether ;
 The doors of both gangways with waves were washed in,
 And three of our ports,—to laugh is no sin.

On hammocks all day on their hooks were left hanging,
 And waves very large on our sides they kept banging ;
 Here the jib of the Phœbe was rent once again,
 In the evening, about four, Miss Phœbe got lame.

Port tiller carried away through these heavy seas,
 A large wave in the ward-room now came in at ease ;
 And strange it may sound, again at the table
 To dine, but from laughing some scarce were able.

To put it to rights at once had not power,
To slacken her speed a few knots the hour;
But the fleet at a distance soon passed us by,
To tell them our loss with signal lights had to try.

We only saw two with the naked eye,
The Lifey and Liverpool,—now what a sad cry,
Our tiller is gone,—what are we to do?
Here sorrow was felt by all,—not a few.

Some thought of Rio Bahia to put in,
To repair this great loss most men did begin;
In the cabin of our Captain was our Norman head,
To assist us in danger, all hopes had not fled.

Relieving tackle we used, and kept her in motion,
With this Norman head to go through the ocean;
But we used it with caution until the next day,
For fear our last hopes we might throw away.

For our starboard tiller this commission has broke
Three times, now our port for us is no joke;
Once coming to Bermuda, and to Melbourne last year,
And yesterday and to day, which has put us in fear.

So much for Rowe's patent, and his noted tiller,
Let him use them himself upon these rough billows;
In all heavy seas they give us much trouble,
Besides all the danger, and labour they double.

The nineteenth, at daylight the gale it was gone,
Our yards were then crossed, plain sail we put on;
And our rent main-topsail we shifted with care,
As the sea it was calm, and the breeze it was fair.

Our tiller, a Norman-head, we soon took in use,
For lingering behind we deserve no abuse;
On our upper-deck, tiller-ropes were made fast
To the wheel, and our tackling aside we soon cast.

We made good our way, had plenty of sea-room
To pick up the fleet, if we could, very soon;
It will take us some time, do all in our power,
Though running with stunsails at eight knots an hour.

It seems quite a treat to both officers and men
To have the fine weather return back again;
But the greatest of troubles we meet in this squad
Is the scene that this day capsized the band's grog.

The twentieth, a fair breeze, the sea was not naughty,
Then miles from the fleet we were about forty :
We partly laid-to for eleven hours or more
To arrange about steering the same as before.

The sea, now at rest, eleven knots we soon made—
Each hour it was Providence that gave us this aid.
The fleet we soon sighted, came up rather late,
And picked up our station sometime about eight.

The day it was fine, our hammocks we scrubbed,
To get them all dry we thought we then should ;
As the weather was warmer, but still not so hot,
They thought it quite prudent our optional to stop.

Twenty-first all the fleet in their station were seen,
Good-bye to cold weather—now summer routine ;
The breeze still was steady, at peace were the waters,
And nicely all running—we had general quarters.

But death had been busy in our Flying Squad,
A messmate was called to appear before God ;
He belonged to the Endymion, sweet rest may he find ;
He has been round the world, with us we now find.

When his funeral was over, a storm came in sight,
And rent the fore-top-gallantsail of the Satellite ;
This morning about four on our outward-bound track
To go round the world, which we have, and now back.

Thirty-eight forty-three south was our latitude,
Thirty-eight thirty-two west was our longitude ;
We went round the world in twelve months and two days,
Most likely when home we shall have great praise.

For quickness and health, discipline and care,
Of hardships and pleasure we all have a share :
How highly men speak of our Admiral
To bring us safe home, most men say he will.

Then when with our friends, from my log men will trace
This day for our Admiral, he spliced the main-brace ;
All men seemed delighted, our worst is now past,
And homeward-bound hopes we have found at last.

Before twelve on this night the fleet closed together,
And the breeze all but gone, put some then in terror ;
We feared a collision, then shortened our sail
To topsails so near, we each other could hail.

On both our sides the flag-ship came near,
Our screw and the steam got ready to keep clear ;
But all ended well, a little breeze now sprung up,
And our Admiral's health we shall drink from a cup.

Twenty-second, how pleasant, we had a fair breeze,
Twenty-third, just the same, all moving with ease ;
Twenty-fourth, now a change, which brought us the aid
Of the breeze that is called the south-easterly trades.

Twenty-fifth, very slowly, the fleet they were going
On our port tack, the wind it was blowing ;
In all but a calm, church service went through,
Lowered a boat for despatches, while the fleet they lay too.

Twenty-sixth, a fine morning, our yards they were square,
To trouble the ocean, the breeze does not care :
In the evening a calm—at peace all things seem,
So three out of six now got up their steam.

To get to Bahia for news was our aim,
The same three last towing, were towing now again ;
To the flag-ship at night a boat it was sent,
Our Japanese to dine, and two others went.

We are the first Flying Squadron who have met with suc-
To be thankful and proud, we cannot do less ; [cess,
Our Queen and our country can form an idea
By 'My Log' of our cruise,—around the world as we steer.

The officers of this squadron intend if they live,
To commemorate the flying cruise a dinner to give ;
To come off in London, and friends then invite,
To hail our return with joy and delight.

Twenty-seventh, between seven and eight the next morning,
We left off our steaming, for this we had warning ;
The breeze rather ahead, in the evening sail drill,
Again scrubbed our hammocks, and dry they soon will.

Twenty-eighth, a wet morning, ahead was the breeze,
In the evening again fair, to our minds it gave ease ;
Twenty-ninth, steady moving, still fair was the breeze,
"My Log" to this date, you have heard—will it please ?

This morning for practice had magazine drill,
To be useful and smart in need the fleet will ;
Through life as we travel great changes we meet :
We might be engaged very soon on the deep.

Five merchantmen near us this day our fleet saw,
Who gave us some news about this present war
Between Prussia and France: our news will be later
When we get to Bahia, from English newspapers.

The barques we bespoke this day were but two,
The Charles Crooker and Harrison: for us they lay-to,
And a boat from the Liffey was sent off to them,
While anxious for news were most of our men.

For a war to be raging when England we near
Might stop our long leave at the fall of this year;
But we hope these two nations at peace soon will be,
For us to pay off, and our relations to see.

To share with them pleasures while money in our pockets:
This night before twelve run into the tropics;
Fire and general quarters the thirtieth all say:
Satellite was inspected by the Admiral this day.

Her crew he then mustered, each name it was called,
Her condition and books he then overhauled;
Inspected their bedding and clothing at ease,
Then drill—with all things he seemed to be pleased.

This took him some time, but patience he had:
To find them so healthy and clean he was glad;
In discipline well up—all things to the letter:
Since she first joined the squadron she seems to sail better.

The Liffey with orders our company will leave,
At four in the evening for Bahia to proceed;
To arrive there in time arrangements to make,
For news, fresh provisions, for us she will wait.

One thing is certain we do not want coal,
But a short stay at Bahia, for our health, we are told;
We wish her fine weather on her pleasant cruise,
To be waiting in Bahia for us with good news.

October the first, a soft and fair breeze,
While rolling along all seem at their ease;
The second the same, our whites took in wear,
Church service again, to God we read prayer.

The Endymion this morning had a boy overboard,
And quick were the orders for a boat to be lowered;
As he fell into the water all hands were afraid
His life he would forfeit, have the deep for a grave.

But God sent him help, and saved him in time,—
Our equals and superiors at times they are kind ;
Brave Sub-Lieutenant with courage left the deck,
And jumped overboard, this boy saved from death.

It is pleasing to hear the remarks of some men
About pleasures and ease, when they arrive home again,
Paid off, and on leave,—at this I don't wonder.
My Log now in verse is over twelve hundred.

I long for the day for its final close,
It gives me much trouble, and will, I suppose ;
By a few not approved of, at times me will check,
As time it draws near, I shall not them forget.

The third a fair breeze,—air bedding and washing, [ing ;
With homeward bound thoughts thro' the waves we are toss-
Ball practice with small arms, improve men this will,
And then in the evening we went through sail drill.

The fourth still was fair, but fresher was blowing
The breeze, towards Bahia the fleet were then going ;
The morning was fair, the sun had its beauty,
For our Admiral to inspect the Endymion as duty.

The routine of the service in her he went through,
His care for discipline finds him plenty to do :
About two all was over, of her he speaks well,
A report very pleasing to the Admiralty to tell.

All things he found snug, and very serene,
Her men in good health, and every thing clean ;
Himself and his staff they seldom are still :
Ball practice with small arms, this evening sail drill.

The fifth, how smoothly we ride through the water,
To pick up again Sir Liverpool's daughter :
In Bahia with news, some coal, and fresh prog,
And things for our comfort, but no extra grog.

The breeze it is fresher, but still it holds fair,
We find it much warmer, and mild is the air.
General and fire quarters ; in the evening bent cable ;
To do this with pleasure the fleet they are able.

The sixth, a fresh breeze, at eleven sighted land,
We formed single line,—from shore this looked grand :
The fore-top gallant-sail of the Satellite was now rent,
The flying-jib of the Pearl soon it also went.

Rather strong all the day the breeze now did blow,
And just after six our anchor let go :
And the Liffey this morning arrived about five,
To welcome the squadron some few did contrive.

This pleasure was blighted when the clock had struck nine,
The elements were working as if vengeance to find ;
For thunder with lightning was frightful to hear,
While torrents of rain came down far and near.

The lightning every moment very vivid would flash,
The next moment above us the thunder came crash ;
Its sounds and its threats would many alarm,
And teach them to know God's will without harm.

The seventh, a dull morning, all hands roused at four,
And the pipe went for washing our clothing once more.
Admiral Hornby a visit to the Phœbe soon paid,
To see what arrangements with our tiller were made.

He found all was well, and safe then to steer
The ship to Old England, without danger or fear ;
To the Satellite next, went to inspect, it was said,
The damage she had met with her rudder-head.

Being out of repair, it was soon sent on shore
To be repaired in quick time, for use as before ;
For a change in our system, had bread and fresh beef ;
A few of each watch enjoyed special leave.

This was a wet morning, and just after four
A scene now took place we had not had before :
The Japanese student, "Myeda Jul-Osumux,"
Suicide he committed by stabs in the stomach.

A little desponding he had been a few days,
His manner was noticed, also his strange ways ;
But nothing particular to put men on the alert—
He stabbed himself twice in the belly and throat.

This morning this act in the ward-room took place,
In the Liverpool early ; to them it's no disgrace,
For the Japanese think this action is brave,
And honour to his family when dead in his grave.

He was buried on shore in the evening with care,
In grief and surprise for him the crew were ;
The cause of this action they could not obtain,
But all are convinced that he was insane.

The eighth, a wet morning, had harbour routine,
All things put in order, and everything cleaned ;
About life in Bahia our men will not prattle ;
Fresh gear we took in, besides some horned cattle.

A few days on fresh food, as we draw near the line,
Our blood will be purer, some men they will find ;
But to speak of Bahia, and their habits of to-day,
Is nothing worth notice, so short is our stay.

The harbour looks pleasing, much rain here we found,
Very noble and large, on a hill stands the town ;
But when upon shore its grandeur you find
Is lost to the eye, also to the mind.

Fine buildings and poor ones are so intermixed,—
To see a fine road you are in a fix ;
Here churches and chapels are up to the letter,
Both inside and out could hardly be better.

A fine set of bells they have in this town, [sound ;
Which reminds us of home when we hear their sweet
Our customary amusements our here are but few,
With an opera house where the public go to.

Omnibusses and cabs are scarce to be found,
A tramway they have for passage through town ;
And a line of railway to the country runs out ;
This place will improve in years there's no doubt.

Provisions and fruit are plentiful here ;
But to buy what you want you have to pay dear ;
Parrots and monkeys, curiosities of all sorts,
Were offered for sale to us to be bought.

Our men while on shore enjoyed a cigar,
With inferior drinks, and dearer by far
Than what they expected to get in this place ;
The extra price to them's a disgrace.

The ninth half-past nine, we then had no breeze,
So got up our steam and left them at ease
To return back to Bahia some never will more.
To make for old England, the land we adore ;

No fuss or confusion to see us steam out,
They had gained by our visit, there is not a doubt ;
For pounds here were spent, though short was our stay :
In double line steaming we were all the day.

The tenth a fine morning, we felt a slight breeze,
As the day did advance it increased by degrees ;
So we all left off our steaming sometime after nine,
We can make as much headway by sailing we find.

The eleventh a slight breeze, and the sea rather smooth,
Like the blood in our veins, keeps life on the move ;
When the breeze leaves a ship it goes without harm,
When the breath of life leaves in death we are calm.

In the Phoebe this morning a bandsman resigned
His life unto death,—sweet rest may he find ;
Consumptive he was, and played for some years
The clarionet in Australia, most pleasing to ears.

The second Serjeant of our band we also have lost,
And both of one complaint—their lives it them cost ;
He had travelled for years, joined us to get home,
A German by birth, in the deep his frame roams.

This seems rather hard for a man up in years,
To pay this last debt he had little fears ;
Especially when sisters at home he had living, [shilling.
To have seen them again he would have spent his last

But alas ! he is gone, respected by all,
The men of the Phoebe he left at death's call ;
His corpse to the gangway the band carried him there,
He had the respect of three volleys in the air.

The twelfth a slight breeze, quite alive was the ocean,
The heat was not great, while the fleet were in motion ;
Two merchant ships sighted as if homeward sailing,
Pernambuco we passed, but not within hailing.

This land is some part of South America ; [day :
Thirteenth, the breeze freshened for our good during the
Nine knots we soon ran, and the breeze it kept fair,
And the fleet opened out, for ball practice prepared.

Fourteenth opened well, south-easterly trades had,
Made two twenty-nine good knots, all were glad ;
Ball practice again, to make the fleet knowing :
A French merchant we passed, then outwards was going.

This breeze near the line most men doth amuse,
But pleasures through life how soon we may lose ;
Like a cry for all help, the Phoebe alarmed :
Other sail we here passed, but all free from harm.

It appears that the watch, shifting jib before quarters,
Saw something, and heard a splash in the deep waters,
And gave the alarm of a man overboard,
And the Phœbe lay-to, and a boat was soon lowered.

The life-buoy thrown out, for anxious were men
To fly to this call, to save life again ;
But soon we found out the report was not true :
To make men believe this there was something to do.

Fifteenth, very nicely, the fleet sailing on
At five and six knots—at night this was gone ;
Most men they were speaking of home and long leave :
This day was our last during the cruise for fresh beef.

Sixteenth, had light winds, and men full of thought,
Crossed the line about two this morning, now north ;
The rock of Saint Paul's we passed at our leisure :
Church service we had, to some a great pleasure.

No mail we have had for a very long time :
The mail from old England we are trying to find ;
Open orders all sailing her to intercept :
To signalise sails we never forget.

About seven this night the mail overhauled,
And anxious were men for news of the war ;
Whilst steaming toward us the excitement was great,
Our signal guns fired, on her then to wait.

Being dark at the time, our flashes and noise,
No doubt timid passengers it then did surprise ;
She could not pass by us, as she was alone,
She was proud she had met us—no doubt she will own.

If the war should be raging, we want all the news,
To assist Queen and country at home we all choose ;
By stopping the mail it is better for all,
There is time to prepare should duty us call.

Seventeenth, a fair breeze, which will shorten our cruise,
The flag-ship this morning signalled us news,
Of what she had heard from the steamer last night ;
But nothing was cheering as some thought it might.

The loss of the Captain, we found to be true,
God help those in trouble, which are not a few ;
The children and mothers—relations will weep,
At the loss of the Captain, and those dead in the deep.

Political affairs at home are unsettled ;
But nothing particular—though some it may nettle ;
While Prussia and France are at war with each other,
We wish them both well, at peace as if brothers.

So much for the mail, for us she lay-to,
With the news we received, we are still in a stew ;
But when we get home, paid off or paid down,
And our leave is expired, we return to the crown.

In the evening lay-to, when boats they were lowered
To visit the flag-ship, for papers on board ;
At home at their ease, men read the late news ;
But men when at sea, can't do as they choose.

On that sweet little island where numbers are small,
All witty and ready to obey duty's call ;
Great Britain in peace or in war can unfurl
Her banner of right all over the world.

Her army is small, but noted for bravery ;
To stop all invaders they look to the navy ;
Militia and Yeomanry have drill every year,—
Volunteers to protect us at home from all fear.

Eighteenth still was fair, very variable and light,
Rather warm all the day, tropical rains at night ;
Nineteenth in a calm, with heat and more rain,
So three got up steam to commence towing again.

The flag-ship is towing the Endymion now calm ;
Satellite tows the Pearl to keep her from harm :
The Liffey, the Phœbe, with pleasure takes notes ;
After dinner the fleet they man and armed boats.

Very nicely together we steamed for a time ;
In the evening to the flag-ship some few went to dine :
The twentieth a calm, but change it soon will ;
This morning the fleet had magazine drill.

Twenty-first very changeable it was all the day,
Starboard hawser of the Phœbe at two carried away ;
In the morning very heavy, a sky full of rain,
Which promised the fleet a breeze soon again.

At seven rather fresh, the breeze blowing fair,
Made sail, stopped our steaming, then towing we were ;
And soon we were running nine knots in the hour,
While rolling the rain came heavy in showers.

At eleven in the morning, a change now took place,
 Almost a dead calm, but a storm we could trace ;
 For dragon and butterflies were here to be seen,
 A gale near West Indies of late there had been,
 Which drove them out here,—other insects besides :
 But this calm soon was over, and us then surprised,
 For at twelve the fag end of this gale the fleet crossed,
 And four out of six soon met with some loss.

Very strong for a time the breeze was now blowing,
 Shifting sails in rag fair kept all the men going :
 Then eleven thirty-two north was our latitude,
 Twenty-eight thirty-one west was our longitude.

The fore-top gallant-sail of the Liverpool went,
 The top-sail of the Satellite as well it was rent ;
 The Phcebe's flying-jib, fore, and main-royal,
 Were rent into ribbons,—for a time what a trial.

Starboard top and lower stunsails of the Liffey the same,
 To shift them for safety it was then their aim ;
 Her fore-top gallant-sail in rags was soon flying,
 And her top-mast stunsail—to them was very trying.

Then fore and main-top gallant-sails were rent across,
 And main-top-gallant stunsail-boom carried away,—what
 a loss ;

But no one feared danger, nor of work were they sick,
 Of rolling think nothing, each ship rights so quick.

There's nothing like wood for floating on water,
 They roll, take in water, soon right, and show quarter ;
 Like the storm that is over put us all in motion,
 To think of capsizing we harbour no notion.

Now all things made snug, and a very fair breeze,
 To run through this change so soon we were pleased ;
 And thankful to God for his aid on the deep,
 In his sight and his favour may the squadron still keep.

Twenty-second a fine morning, with a very nice breeze,
 Seven knots we were running quite smoothly at ease ;
 And soon we found out from our higher grades,
 That now we had caught the north-easterly trades.

Twenty-third, the trade winds are variable and light ;
 Strange sails we are passing, and others soon sight.
 We find it still warm,—for this we don't care,—
 Divine service we had, to God offered prayer.

Twenty-fourth, a slight breeze, our hammocks we scrubbed,
Washed clothing and blankets,—soon dry them we could;
The mizen-top gallant-sail was now rent at drill
Of the Phœbe; but soon be home the fleet will.

Twenty-fifth, a fresh breeze, aired bedding, had drill,
A survey of ships' stores,—to pay off we soon will;
The main topmast-stunsail of the Phœbe went smack;
In the evening a change took us all a-back.

No warning it gave us, in a moment it came,
Took most of the fleet a-back in the rain;
Our danger was great as we came near together,
When a-back and then drifting in this trying weather,

The Liffey and Endymion had all they could do,
To keep clear of Miss Phœbe; their chances were few,
So sudden and strong for a time the wind blowing;
On different tacks the fleet were soon going.

The Liffey soon righted, from us she ran clear;
The Endymion soon left us—we then saw no fear;
When all things were righted, and on the same tack,
Which drove us on nicely till taken a-back.

The skill of the fleet was here brought into use;
Neither officers nor men needed any abuse;
All ran to their stations, and put all things right,
Their duty done cheerfully, with ease and delight.

Twenty-sixth, a slight breeze, still making head-way,
General quarters, ball-practice, we had through the day;
The wind became fair, and homewards all tossing,
The skirts of the tropics at last we were crossing.

This is the fourth time the fleet have passed through
The tropics—this time is the last for for a few;
Now twenty-five miles from them we are clear:
At twelve, now for heat and rain we don't fear.

Two thousand two hundred and fifty-two miles
From the shores of old England, where nature still smiles;
To see us return again all in good health—
A happy meeting for poor and those who have wealth.

For our relations and friends we all long to see,
To spend a few weeks with them in their glee;
Twenty-three thirty-five north is our latitude,
And thirty-one fifty-two west is our longitude.

Twenty-seventh, a dull morning, the breeze still was fair,
And five and six knots then running we were;
In the evening more drill to keep the fleet smart,
Like clockwork all's done with a very good heart.

This speaks well for practice, routine, and good health:
Discipline and caution we treasure like wealth;
And when in old age, of this cruise we shall speak—
Of the changes and dangers we passed on the deep.

All things when considered in this Flying Squad,
Will shew many mercies we have had from our God;
We have always been lucky in squalls and in breeze,
And made some good runs into harbour at ease.

Foretopsail, lower stunsail, of Phœbe were rent
Last night when at drill—through this they both went;
Many sails have been rent, and some all but lost,
Much gear has been damaged—a good sum this will cost.

Twenty-eighth, a dull morning, the breeze rather slack,
But changed in a moment—took Phœbe aback;
But soon all was righted in safety again,
And the breeze it was fair, with a fall of much rain.

But we soon had a lull, and almost a dead calm;
After dinner the Phœbe was rather alarmed,
As a shell then exploded, but did little hurt,
Field-piece drill the men were at the time all alert.

This shell an Armstrong, twelve pounder, we found,
It flew into pieces, and spread all round;
For the want of its powder its force had no power
Or death would have plucked a few lives like a flower.

Thank God, all was well, and only a surprise,
Neglect there was none, still it made a great noise;
At the escape of grim death, all men they were pleased;
For the rest of the day we lost all the breeze.

Twenty-ninth, slowly moving, with a very slight breeze,
To the shores of old England, we neared by degrees:
Most men are now smiling, and counting the days,
To be home and paid off, if they meet no delays.

Some have many things at home to arrange,
And forget that cold death our plans soon can change;
Like a man of the Liffey, whose friends soon will weep,
When they hear of his death, so late on the deep.

This morning they buried him, life's trials are o'er,
 No squadron or cruising will trouble him more ;
 Ordinary seaman he was, life's time had expired,
 Laid him low in the deep, three volleys for him fired.

He died of consumption, and lingered sometime,
 After going round the world, in the deep stops behind ;
 This gives all a lesson in this Flying Squad,
 That life is uncertain, only a gift from great God.

In the evening church pennants—half-mast high they were
 flying—

Denoting the funeral—some few they were sighing ;
 Here another poor creature was food for the deep,
 To leave the Flying Squadron, his Saviour to meet.

He belonged to the Pearl, but now he's at rest
 From the cares of this life—we hope he is blest ;
 For the changes of climate are trying to most men,
 And a few this has taken,—we long shall speak of them.

All family diseases are put to the test :
 To weather this cruise most men do their best ;
 Salt rations and colds weak frames overpower,
 And death soon steps in, and plucks like a flower.

Some speak of pleasures and hardships now past,
 To pass through these trials our lot it was cast ;
 But soon a sweet home, and friends not a few,
 A wife and a family, will welcome us too.

Christmas-day very soon will be here, and our friends
 As they read down "My Log" many tears will descend,
 While listening and chatting, enjoying their glass,
 They will smile at "My Log," and the scenes we have
 passed.

A few family circles will be sitting around
 A happy fireside with "My Log," in most towns ;
 Where one of the squadron is amongst them himself,
 While I with my family will be drinking their health.

Thirtieth, a dull morning, with very much wet,
 And a breeze rather favourable, and fair we soon met ;
 But the day was respected, church service we had,
 And returned thanks to God, for His goodness all glad.

Thirty-first, a slight breeze, and fair for some time,
 No certainty in it, it will change like the mind :
 But just before quarters, five o'clock then was near,
 A man overboard,—this sad cry we could hear.

This man in the Phœbe was taking down clothes,
Fell out of the chains in the deep without blows;
He was a good swimmer, so quick the alarm,
That the life-buoy was thrown very near to his arm.

He caught it with gladness—to be saved was his aim;
He says the ship passed him like some express train;
He slipped, missed his hold, and seen by a few,—
A boat was soon lowered, while the Phœbe lay to.

He passed with the life-buoy between the Pearl and the
Liffey:

The Pearl she lay-to—lowered a boat in a jiffy;
While the man waved his cap, another life-buoy he caught,
Which gave him more help, he was safe then he thought.

The Pearl picked him up—Phœbe's boat was then near;
From drowning this time he now had run clear;
In the boat of the Phœbe he got, while some crowds
Of men they were looking, to see him saved all were proud.

Great credit is due to the Pearl and her men;
Their quickness and care picked him up again:
Our surgeon he saw, who gave him his help
To keep him from sickness,—with care from himself.

The lower stunsail-boom was here snapped in two,
While men they were busy laying Miss Phœbe to:
Fore-topmast stunsail-boom shared the same fate;
General quarters we had at night, but not late.

November the first the morning was wet:
Five bells middle watch, a squall the fleet met;
This change was so sudden, the fleet took a back;
Our fore-topmast stunsail-boom snapped in a crack.

A few points we were out of our course on this day,
But the heat now is leaving, feel the cold soon we may;
In the evening the jib of the Liffey was rent;
Sail drill in the evening, for home we were bent.

The second quite slowly, all sailing at ease,—
General and fire quarters, and a very light breeze:
Mainsail of the Endymion was rented across;
Sail drill had again, but met with no loss.

The third, quite a calm, so three got up steam
To tow the three others thro' this calm, it would seem;
The Liverpool the Endymion, Satellite tows the Pearl,
The Liffey the Phœbe, till our sails we unfurl.

Our steaming and towing about eight we commenced ;
 A subscription we opened for pounds, shillings, and pence,
 For the widows and orphans of men that were drowned,
 Who were in the Captain at the time she went down.

Her loss it was great,—caused misery and grief ;
 To assist them, a sum we have raised in the fleet ;
 To meet the same fate—we might very soon—
 The Liffey gave Phœbe a new stunsail-boom.

While towing, overboard she dropped it at ease,
 To assist one another the fleet they are pleased ;
 At sea and on shore their friendship's the same :
 Humanity and kindness to all is their aim.

An exceptional case in the Phœbe took place,
 Rather laughable and low, but still no disgrace :
 Here a one-armed engagement two men did go through,
 To hold on with the other each one had to do.

A man stationed aloft, to be on the look-out,
 To be relieved at his time, he expected, no doubt ;
 His relief came at last, in the cross-trees was Potter,
 His relief was a Manning—this scene was soon hotter.

Both men they were plucky, and took no abuse,
 To be wrangling aloft they knew was no use,
 So at it they went, only using one arm :
 To see them was sport—they took it so calm.

This pantomimic scene upon the cross-trees,
 A novelty it was, and some it quite pleased ;
 As both were afraid their hold to let go,
 For fear they might fall on the deck then below.

As a change this I mention, but not as a rule,
 To keep men to time this is a fine school ;
 For men will look out your duty's not missed,
 The offender sometimes gets blows and black list.

The fourth a mild morning, again got a breeze,
 But not our true course by about two degrees.
 At seven in the morning our fleet they made sail,
 And left off their steaming and towing without fail.

The fifth of November, this old fashioned day,
 Brought us a fresh breeze, in our favour, some say ;
 It blew from the west, very steady and fair,
 All smiles and good tempered at this the men were.

When a ship's homeward bound, and the wind from the
An old saying you will hear, that the girls cannot rest [west,
Till they haul us home quickly, by the nose they are bent,
The fore-topmast-stunsail of the flagship now went.

The sixth, Sunday morning, church service and prayer,
The breeze from the west still steady and fair;
And the men they are speaking of trains, and the time
They start, to reach home by the quickest line.

What a beautiful change is now in the fleet,
In the spirits of men,—their friends soon will meet;
No bustle nor confusion, still some crack a joke,
Good temper and mildness deserves here a note.

Nine hundred and eighty miles still we have to go,
To the public at large a success we shall show;
Forty-two fifty-six north is our latitude,
Twenty-six thirty-five west is the longitude.

The seventh rather squally, and showers through the day,
The breeze it was changeable, still fair for our way;
At daylight we sighted several merchant ships here,
Their presence was cheering, though not very near.

No signals from us were made unto them,
We saw from the glass they were merchantmen;
To leave them behind we soon did contrive,
And run through the water one hundred and five miles.

The eighth, in the morning almost in a calm,
The ocean at rest—all free then from harm;
But every half hour the breeze it would change,
Which gave us more work our sails to arrange.

After four in the evening a north-easterly breeze,
We caught in a moment while moving at ease;
Which drove on the fleet from eight to ten knots,
More sails to be rent was some of our lots.

Our topsails we reefed—prepared for bad weather,
These squalls we expect in us put no terror;
Twenty minutes it lasted, and sails rent were five,
To replace them again all hands were alive.

The Liverpool and Liffey's main-top gallant-sail
Was then rent across: the Pearl shared the same.
The Satellite's fore-top gallant-sail rent as well:
The Endymion's fore-gallant-sail was rent and fell.

When all was made good, and the breeze had gone down,
We saw how unsettled it looked all around ;
But all ended well at twelve the same night,
With a beautiful moon on our way gave us light.

The ninth opened well, which caused many smiles,
As we ran through the water from eight to nine miles ;
Daylight it increased—sails full, and not flappy,
It drove us on nicely, all hands it made happy.

About the strength of our canvas the fleet cannot brag,
The Liffey's flying-jib was again rent like a rag ;
As the breeze it got stronger alive got the waters :
This morning again we had general quarters.

We think and we speak of storms that are past—
We are now in another—may this be our last ;
In the middle of the day there were signs of a storm
As strong as we had it when rounding the Horn.

It blew from north-east, by some it was said,
About five in the evening was almost ahead ;
Its strength we remember, and shall while we live—
Overboard blew the centre of Miss Phoebe's jib.

Its power still increased till it blew quite a gale,
And rent right across our foretopmast staysail,
And set us all rolling and tossing about ;
From falling and danger we had to look out.

When thinking, our memory past scenes produce here,
Some claiming a smile, and others a tear ;
A reflection and thought, do all that we can,
Will work upon nature, and soon us unman.

We had a rough night, but patience all had :
To obey duty's call all men they were glad ;
Things rolling about in our messes got broke,
Such scenes in a gale with us are no joke.

But the hungry six are used to this now,
To the will of their Maker in patience they bow ;
They have had many mercies and favours from God
On the cruise round the world with this Flying Squad.

In twenty-four hours three miles we made good,
With double reefed topsails did all that we could ;
Forty-six forty-two north was our latitude,
Eighteen fourteen west was our longitude.

The tenth, before one in the morning weared ship,
Much stronger and quicker thro' the water we slip;
Daylight, rather steady, but not our true course:
Had magazine drill to improve our small force.

The gale had gone down, and still a head breeze,
And out of our course by several degrees;
The mizen-top gallant-sail, Endymion got rent,
The breeze it got weaker as onwards we went.

The eleventh, still ahead, this breeze put us out
Of judging the day to end this long route;
For the distance each day we run is writ down,
Here twenty-two miles we had lost beating round.

This made us uneasy, a few cross for some time,
All wishing a change in the wind soon to find;
After dinner it came, which gave us delight,
And ten knots the hour we were running at night.

All this we made good,—to England then drifting,—
We rounded in nicely as the wind it kept shifting;
At last it proved fair, for us what good news,
For all are now anxious to end this long cruise.

The twelfth, the same breeze, but stronger and fair,
To make time or pay days, our men do not care;
Daylight all was well, eleven knots we were running,
Head winds and delays, we wish to be shunning.

By twelve on this day again had more loss,
And two hundred miles of sea we had crossed;
The flag-ship here smashed her flying jibboom,
The Pearl's main-topsail was rent very soon.

The fore and maintop gallant sheets carried away
Of the Satellite this morning, but caused no delay;
The Liffey's foretopsail was rent as well,
With squalls very frequent, the sea had great swells.

After twelve, how unlucky, a change soon we had,
The breeze it got stronger,—not our course, this was bad;
And the Liffey's fore-topsail was rented again,
The foresail of the Pearl it was just the same.

Great care and good judgment it required all the day
To keep us in safety, to make good headway.
Fresh troubles Miss Phoebe very soon had to meet,
Which never has happened before in the fleet.

The twelfth set in squally, with a very strong breeze,
Had it been in our favour all would have been pleased;
In the middle watch, twenty minutes past two,
The fore-yard of Miss Phœbe snapped clean in two.

A heavy squall at the time, and very rough water,—
This happened to Phœbe's fore-yard the port quarter;
Thank God, all her men and boys, they ran clear
From meeting with harm, in danger and fear.

In the air it was hanging, it had snapp'd like a broom,
Overboard sent in pieces the fore-topmast stunsail boom;
The foresail was rent—here danger was great,
To be thinking our men had no time to wait.

All flew to their stations, on deck and aloft,—
To save ship and life, all men know they ought;
For this now to happen, both officers and men
Were surprised, when so near Old England again.

But while on the ocean how uncertain is life,
While studying the comforts for home and a wife;
Single men joking, and saying, what a spree
They will have when at home,—death keeps them at sea.

Most men in the fleet they think of the views
They have had; but the best is the end of this cruise.
After going round the world, and to home now so near,
But squalls like the last put some of us in fear.

If faith in our Maker we put, and hold fast,
All dangers will pass, and bring us home safe at last.
The yard of the Phœbe in two was sent down
By the skill of our crew,—and carpenters soon found

That labour was wanted from them for repairs [prayers;
Of the yard, though now Sunday, instead of church
At three in the morning these men went to work,
And men of all ranks were up and alert.

All the day they were working, you would think by the
To assist us in danger, our speed to increase; [piece,
Now the breeze had got steady, and the fleet all were
One hundred and thirty at twelve we had steered. [near,

All busy with order our yard they are fishing,
To use it again till home we are wishing;
The breeze it was steady the rest of the day,
All right into harbour arrive we soon may.

In this squall, while it lasted, no one thought of rest,
All the fleet must have suffered in it more or less ;
What occurs to each ship on this flying route,
Great difficulty at times I have to find out.

Very mild is the weather, considering the time
Of the season now in, and so far from the line ;
Fourteenth a nice breeze, and the moon gave us light
To assist us this morning, our yard soon to hoist.

At seven this morning commenced this named task,
To hoist the fore-yard in her place on the mast ;
And nothing more steady with care could be done,
Great credit for quickness for us this has won.

Fore and aft it was lying on the upper deck,
From where it was hoisted with but little check ;
Twenty minutes we took to hoist it across
In her place on the mast, without any loss.

Our distance at twelve was seventy-three miles
From the Lizard—all's well, with us many smiles ;
But people at home will think we look funny,
To come into harbour to cheat them with dummies.

Our fore-yard all right, carried sail though but poor,
Passed land that was sighted just before four—
Scilly Islands, then Lizard, and Falmouth at night,
About twelve Eddystone we saw was in sight.

Fifteenth, a fresh breeze, our miles are now few,
To come to the Sound—for a time we lay to ;
Daylight we made sail, then got up our steam,
To end this flying cruise with success it would seem.

Single line we soon formed, and came to the Sound,
Soon after eleven our anchorage we found ;
Without the assistance of steam all was right,
All took up their stations with care and delight.

Excitement and bustle—spectators were there,
Just as we expected to see us come in :
Soon boats from the shore came off with our friends,
To welcome us home—our cruise it now ends.

Here scenes of affection were visible in many,
To stand against nature there scarcely were any ;
While hands they were shaking some few they got prouder :
Liverpool very soon disposed of her powder.

Sixteenth, the next morning all hands could be seen,
For inspection at work, all ships had to clean ;
But this morning at nine we thought it no pity,
To smile on the Liverpool as she steamed to the jetty.
"Homeward Bound" and "Sweet Home" we played with
good cheer,
No squalls, gales, or storms, we now had to fear ;
As we passed through the line "Auld lang Syne" we
struck up,
And wished her much joy with their friends soon to sup.
From the Sound here this morning the Pearl she sailed out,
And then the Endymion, Portsmouth was their route ;
Left the squadron at anchor and bid them adieu,
Some time in the evening, I think about two.
We played them both out, and pleased were all men ;
Many years it may be before we see some again ;
But as time it rolls on, and memory looks back,
We shall respect every one that sailed on this track.
Half-past ten in the morning, Port-Admiral came
On board of the Phœbe—seven hours did remain ;
To see her condition,—all things he went through :
Port-Admiral he is, and his staff were but few.
Our bedding and clothing he inspected with care,—
All things up to order, so men did not care ;
Through the ship he then went—with cares not a few ;
All things to examine, he had plenty to do.
General quarters he had to witness our drill ;
Very minutely he watched,—men worked with a will :
The drill with small arms he had for a time,
Till darkness, yet still no fault he could find.
Fire quarters came next, which made some few laugh,
As late it was getting,—lower deck it was dark ;
Still he came down below to see pumps and the hose ;
His care for the service and safety this shews.
Our wings he inspected and found them all right ;
Every hole, nook, and corner, he saw with his light,
Which was a dark lantern, a patent bull's eye,
Which he brought to assist him when darkness was nigh.
As he went through each place he turned on his light,
Which startled a few when they caught its first sight ;
His figure is tall, "Coddington" is his name ;
His bull's eye and manner with us has won fame.

After five in the evening his work was all done ;
Her condition and discipline his esteem it had won ;
So he left us well pleased,—all things he had tried,
With men, ship, and officers, he was satisfied.

Seventeenth to the jetty the Phœbe made fast ;
To pay off and have leave she has found at last ;
And stripping all busy, but not her alone,
Are speaking with pleasure of friends and their home.

Sweet home of our childhood ! how sweet that name
To return once again, our joy has no bounds ; [sounds !
And as we draw near to that dear ancient spot,
We look back on scenes we've not yet forgot.

All hands are delighted as they look on the shore,
Where friends and relations they will meet with once more ;
Many hours, weeks, and days they will spend at their leisure,
In the home they once left they still will find pleasure.

But as time it rolls on, life's glass it runs out,
A few we shall meet at home, there's no doubt,
Whom we left in good health—to advise us they tried,
And took a great pleasure our childhood to chide.

Still the old fireside, and things not a few,
Will remind us of pleasures with them we went through,
When expenses and cares in our riper years
They lavished on us—if sick they shed tears.

As pilgrims moving, many changes we meet :
Great God, our Creator, can heal all our grief,
And friends and relations at home we shall find
To give us a welcome, and prove to us kind.

Some men they are married, and families have got,
To leave them for years it has been their lot ;
To picture their meeting with pen I can't do,
For affection and joy will upset a few.

Before our Creator we promised to protect
The wife who is thoughtful, and doth nothing neglect ;
And when home we arrive we shall try to be bold,
But our hearts will be full when our children we behold.

Some joined us as boys, but now they are men,
And could teach some old hands, should they join us again :
In all sorts of weather, and climates passed through,
Many dangers have met, and saw drowned not a few.

The careless, the careful, the young, and the old,
The rich and the poor, are proud to behold
The fleet in the Channel, making the Sound it is said,
For orders all anxious both single and wed.

In a few hours more we shall be along side,
A jetty to strip, for a time to abide ;
And then to pay off or down as may be,
And granted long leave our relations to see.

Curiosities out of number, the fleet they have brought,
Of sweethearts and families most men have had thought ;
We have always had health, this will some surprise,
Less deaths in the fleet, than a village the same size.

This shews you what care our Admiral has had,
To bring us safe home in health he is glad ;
The selection as rulers, for this cruise we are debtors,
To Childers and advisers,—none could have been better.

This speaks well for Childers, and laugh some they may,
We always find critics, but I have faith in John Hay ;
Who in opposition to Childers, said in the house,
To visit Tahiti, a jealousy it might rouse.

It is protected by Frenchmen, and at times is unsettled ;
Such a fleet to call there might upset their metal ;
But the selection as staff was good for this route,
Extra places went four, Tahiti left out.

Madeira, Hobart Town, then Auckland and Yedo,
Not named in our route,—took time you must know ;
Our stoppage and passage together you can bunch,
Extra time we have taken is under one month.

The scheme it was good, and useful to all,
Beneficial to the navy when duty should call ;
A fleet for experience, actual service to join,
All ranks of this squadron will be useful you'll find.

Now our cruise it is over, and the fleet are delighted,
Each man seems much younger since land we first sighted ;
Of the past we shall speak in tears and with pleasure,
Of scenes and men drowned, when at home at our leisure.

But something is wanting from every man,—
To return thanks to God, we should when we can ;
Not only our lives, but our ships He has spared,
And health and enjoyment for us hath prepared.

The undertaking was great, many dangers we met,
But our Admiral and his care we shall never forget;
Still the trials and troubles we had to go through
Will be thought of but lightly,—in years by a few.

As time it rolls on, and men are growing old,
All things they can trace when "My Log" they behold:
Refer to this work with patience and ease,
To decide any arguments,—your opponents to please.

There's nothing but truth, and dates are correct,
And the lines they are simple in every respect;
But I hope for the future this will give some a start,
To bring out a Log from experience and heart.

But avoid giving slander to a ship or a fleet;
There's ever fresh matter, and friends you will meet;
But always use judgment, and study with pains
To gain the esteem of all—think of HAYNES.

"My Log," here it closes, many changes I've seen,
Information I've had wherever I've been;
Of what I have stated about this Flying Squad,
Will assist you and me, if you purchase "My Log."

General satisfaction gives pleasure to each heart;
Now I bid all adieu, from the fleet I must part.
With the esteem I have gained in the truth of "My Log,"
I leave all in peace in the care of great God.



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